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28 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 28, FIVE CENTS THE COPY

GASPAR RUIZ

By

Joseph Conrad

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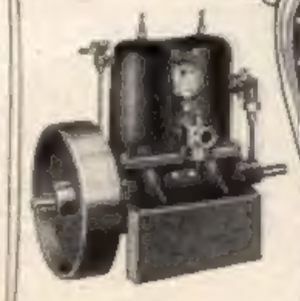

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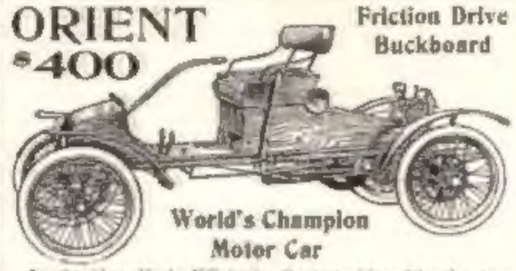

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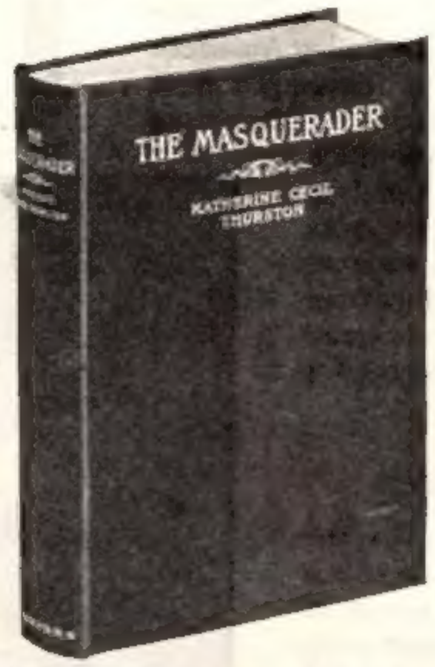

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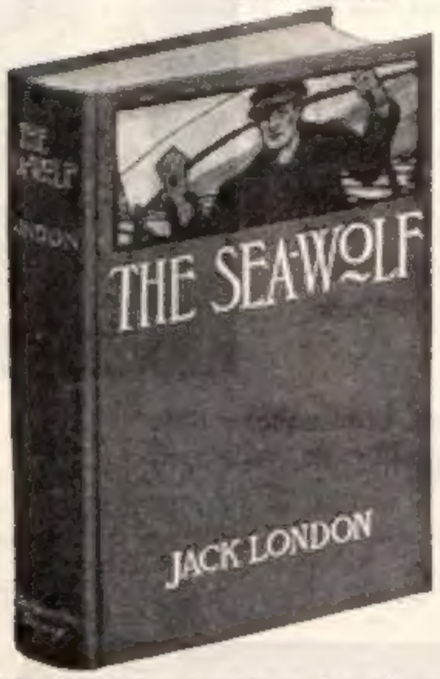

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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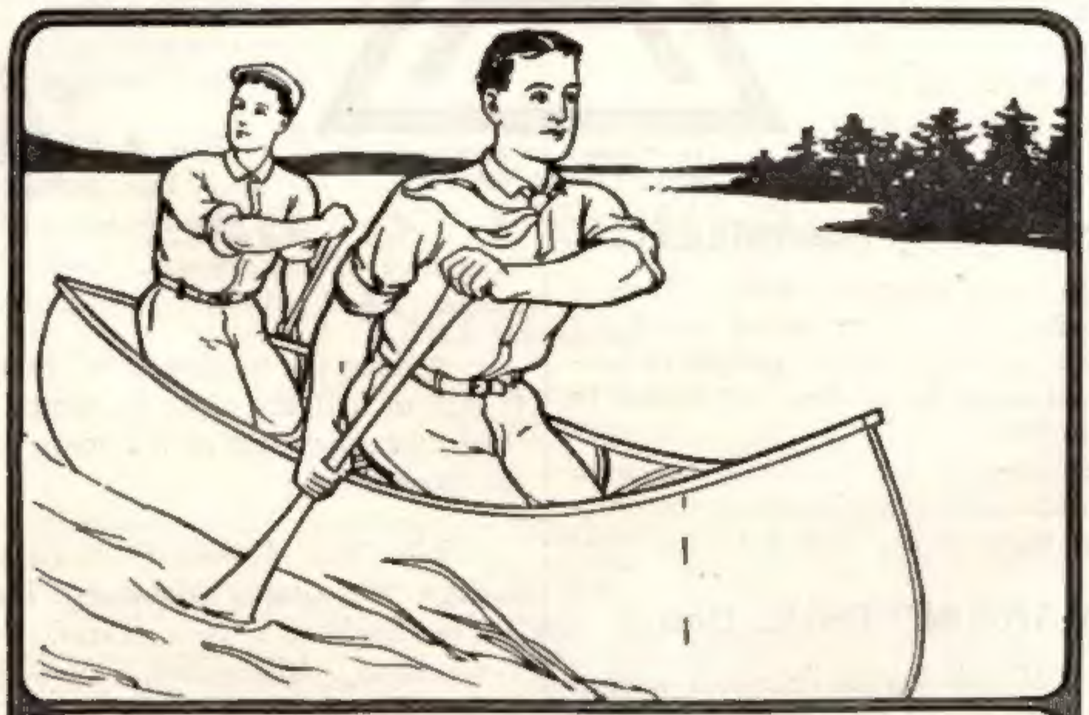
The bachelor who fully understands woman and the married male who has abandoned the hope of ever understanding her will find in Letters to Women in Love some instruction and no small amount of interest. They are, to be sure, of paramount interest to women; and while we have no fear of being proved false prophets in venturing the statement that every woman reader of this magazine will peruse them word for word, we have also a sneaking suspicion that our male subscribers will not shut their eyes to this opportunity to increase their wisdom and broaden the scope of their knowledge.

The author is Mrs. John Van Vorst, whose articles, The Cry of the Children, have brought us thousands of letters from our women readers. The first installment, under the title The Spoiled, the Adored, the Irresistible American Girl, will appear next week; in following issues these subjects will be discussed: The Married Woman at the Centre of Indifference, The Dissatisfied Wife, and The Jealous and Unhappy Woman.



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Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, JULY 28, 1906 Number 4

GASPAR RUIZ

By JOSEPH CONRAD

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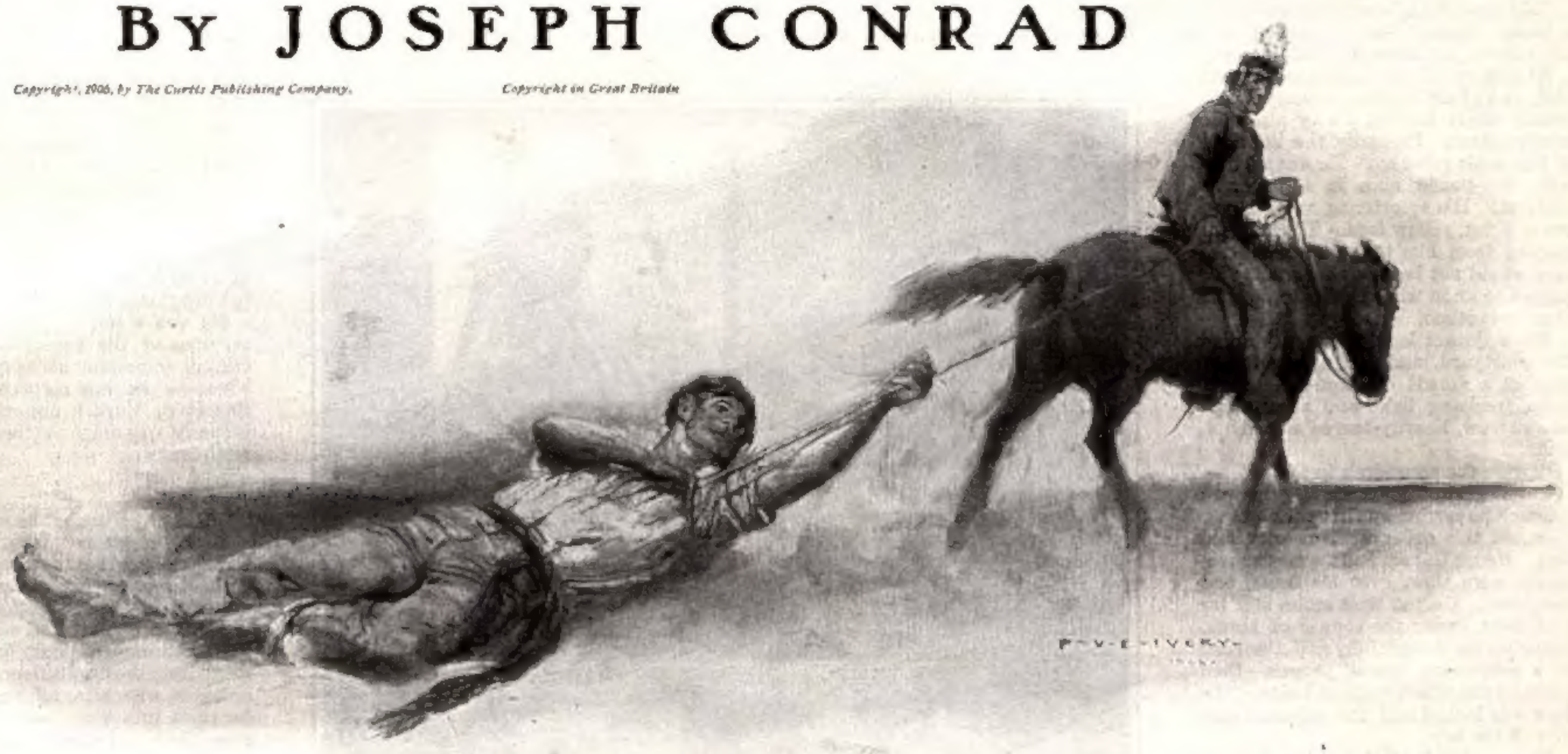


"Strength is as Nothing Against a Mounted Man with a Lasso"

I

A REVOLUTIONARY war lifts many strange characters out of the obscurity which is the common lot of humble lives in an undisturbed state of society. Certain individualities grow into fame through their vices and their virtues, or simply by their actions which may have a temporary importance. And then they become forgotten. The names of a few leaders alone survive the end of armed strife and are further preserved in history; so that, vanishing from men's active memories, they still exist in books.

The name of General Santierra attained that cold paper-and-ink immortality. He was a South American of good family, and the books published in his lifetime numbered him among the liberators of that continent from the oppressive rule of Spain.

That long contest, waged for independence on one side and for dominion on the other, developed, in the course of years and the vicissitudes of changing fortune, the fierceness and inhumanity of a struggle for life. All feelings of pity and compassion disappeared in the growth of political hatred. And, as is usual in war, the mass of the people, who had the least to gain by the issue, suffered most in their obscure persons and their humble fortunes.

General Santierra began his service as lieutenant in the patriot army raised and commanded by the famous San Martin, afterward conqueror of Lima and liberator of Peru. A great battle had just been fought on the banks of the river Biobio. Among the prisoners made upon the routed Royalist troops there was a soldier called Gaspar Ruiz.

His powerful build and his big head made him remarkable among his fellow-captives. The personality of the man was unmistakable. Some months before he had been missed from the ranks of Republican troops after one of the many skirmishes which preceded the great battle. And now having been captured arms in hand, among Royalists, he could expect no other fate but to be shot as a deserter.

Gaspar Ruiz, however, was not a deserter. His mind was hardly active enough to take a discriminating view of the advantages or perils of treachery. Why should he change sides? He had really been made a prisoner, had suffered ill-usage and many privations. Neither side showed tenderness to its adversaries.

There came a day when he was ordered, together with some other captive rebels, to march in the front rank of the royal troops. A musket had been thrust into his hands. He had taken it. He had marched. He did not want to be killed in circumstances of peculiar atrocity for refusing to march. He did not understand heroism, but it was his intention to throw his musket away at the first opportunity. Meantime, he had gone on loading and firing from fear of having his brains blown out at the first sign of unwillingness by some non-commissioned officer of the King of Spain.

He tried to set forth these elementary considerations before the sergeant of the guard set over him and some twenty other such deserters who had been condemned summarily to be shot.

It was in the quadrangle of the fort at the back of the batteries which command the roadstead of Valparaiso. The officer who had identified him had gone on without listening to his protestations.

His doom was sealed; his hands were tied very tightly together behind his back; his body was sore all over from the many blows with sticks and butts of muskets which had hurried him along on the painful road from the place of his capture to the gate of the fort.

This was the only kind of systematic attention the prisoners had received from their escort during a four days' journey across a scantily-watered tract of country. At the crossings of rare streams they were permitted to quench their thirst by lapping hurriedly like dogs. In the evening a few scraps of meat were thrown among them as they dropped down dead-beat upon the stony ground of the halting-place.

As he stood in the courtyard of the castle in the early morning, after having been driven hard all night, Gaspar Ruiz's throat was parched and his tongue felt very large and dry in his mouth.

And Gaspar Ruiz, besides being very thirsty, was stirred by a feeling of sluggish anger which he could not very well express, as though the vigor of his spirit were by no means equal to the strength of his body.

The other prisoners in the batch of the condemned hung their heads, looking obstinately on the ground. But Gaspar Ruiz kept on repeating:

"What should I desert for to the Royalists? Why should I desert? Tell me, Estaban!"

He addressed himself to the sergeant, who happened to belong to the same part of the country as himself. But the sergeant, after shrugging his meagre shoulders once, paid no further attention to the deep, murmuring voice at his back. It was, indeed, strange that Gaspar Ruiz should desert. His people were in too humble a station to feel much the disadvantages of any form of government. There was no reason why Gaspar Ruiz should wish to uphold in his own person the rule of the King of Spain. Neither had he been anxious to exert himself for its subversion. He had joined the side of Independence in an extremely reasonable and natural manner. A band of patriots appeared one early morning, surrounding his father's ranch, spearing the watch-dogs and hamstringing a fat cow all in the twinkling of an eye to the cries of "*Viva la Libertad!*" Their officer discoursed of Liberty with enthusiasm and eloquence after a long and refreshing sleep. When they left in the evening, taking with them some of Father Benavides' best horses to replace their own lamed animals, Gaspar Ruiz went away with them, having been invited pressingly to do so by the eloquent officer.

Shortly afterward a detachment of Royalist troops, coming to pacify the district, burnt the ranch, carried off the remaining horses and cattle, and, having thus deprived the old people of all their worldly possessions, left them sitting under a bush in the enjoyment of the inestimable boon of life.

II

GASPAR RUIZ, condemned to death as a deserter, was not aware of these facts. And he was not thinking either of his native place or of his parents to whom he had been a good son on account of the mildness of his character and the great strength of his limbs. The practical advantage of this last was made still more valuable to his father by his

obedient disposition. Gaspar Ruiz had an acquiescent soul. But it was stirred now to a sort of dim revolt by his dislike to die the death of a traitor. He was not a traitor. He said again to the sergeant:

"You know I did not desert, Estaban. You know I remained behind among the trees with three others to keep the enemy back while the detachment was running away!"

Lieutenant Santierra, little more than a boy at the time and unused as yet to the sanguinary imbecilities of a state of war, had lingered near by as if fascinated by the sight of these men who were to be shot presently—"for an example"—so the commandant had said.

The sergeant, without deigning to look at the prisoner, addressed himself to the young officer with a superior smile.

"Ten men would not have been enough to make him a prisoner, *mi teniente*. Moreover, the other three rejoined the detachment after dark. Why should he, unwounded and the strongest of them all, have failed to do so?"

"My strength is as nothing against a mounted man with a lasso," Gaspar Ruiz protested eagerly. "He dragged me behind his horse for half a mile."

At this excellent reason the sergeant only laughed contemptuously. The young officer hurried away after the commandant. Presently the adjutant of the castle came by. He was a truculent, raw-boned man in a ragged uniform. His spluttering voice issued out of a flat, yellow face. The sergeant learned from him that the condemned men would not be shot till sunset. He begged to know what he was to do with them meantime.

The adjutant looked savagely round the courtyard, and, pointing to the door of a small dungeon-like guard-room, receiving light and air through one narrow, heavily-barred window, said:

"Drive the scoundrels in there."

The sergeant, tightening his grip upon the stick he carried by virtue of his rank, executed this order with alacrity and zeal. He hit Gaspar Ruiz, whose movements were slow, over his head and shoulders. Gaspar Ruiz stood still for a moment under the shower of blows, biting his lip thoughtfully as if absorbed by a perplexing mental process—then followed the others without haste. The door was locked and the adjutant carried off the key.

By noon the heat of that low-vaulted place, crammed to suffocation, had become unbearable. The prisoners crowded toward the window, begging their guards for a drop of water, but the soldiers remained lying in indolent attitudes wherever there was a little shade under a wall, while the sentry, obliged to sleepless vigilance, sat with his back against the door smoking a cigarette, raising his eyebrows philosophically from time to time. Gaspar Ruiz had pushed his way to the front with an irresistible force. His capacious chest needed more air than the others; his big face, resting with its chin on the ledge, was pressed close to the bars—seemed to support the other faces crowding up for breath. From moaned entreaties they had passed to desperate cries, and the tumultuous howling of those thirsty men obliged a young officer who was just then crossing the courtyard to shout in order to make himself heard.

"Why don't you give some water to these prisoners?"

The sergeant, with an air of surprised innocence, excused himself by the remark that all those men were condemned to die in a very few hours.

Lieutenant Santierra stamped his foot.

"They are condemned to death, not to torture!" he shouted. "Give them some water at once!"

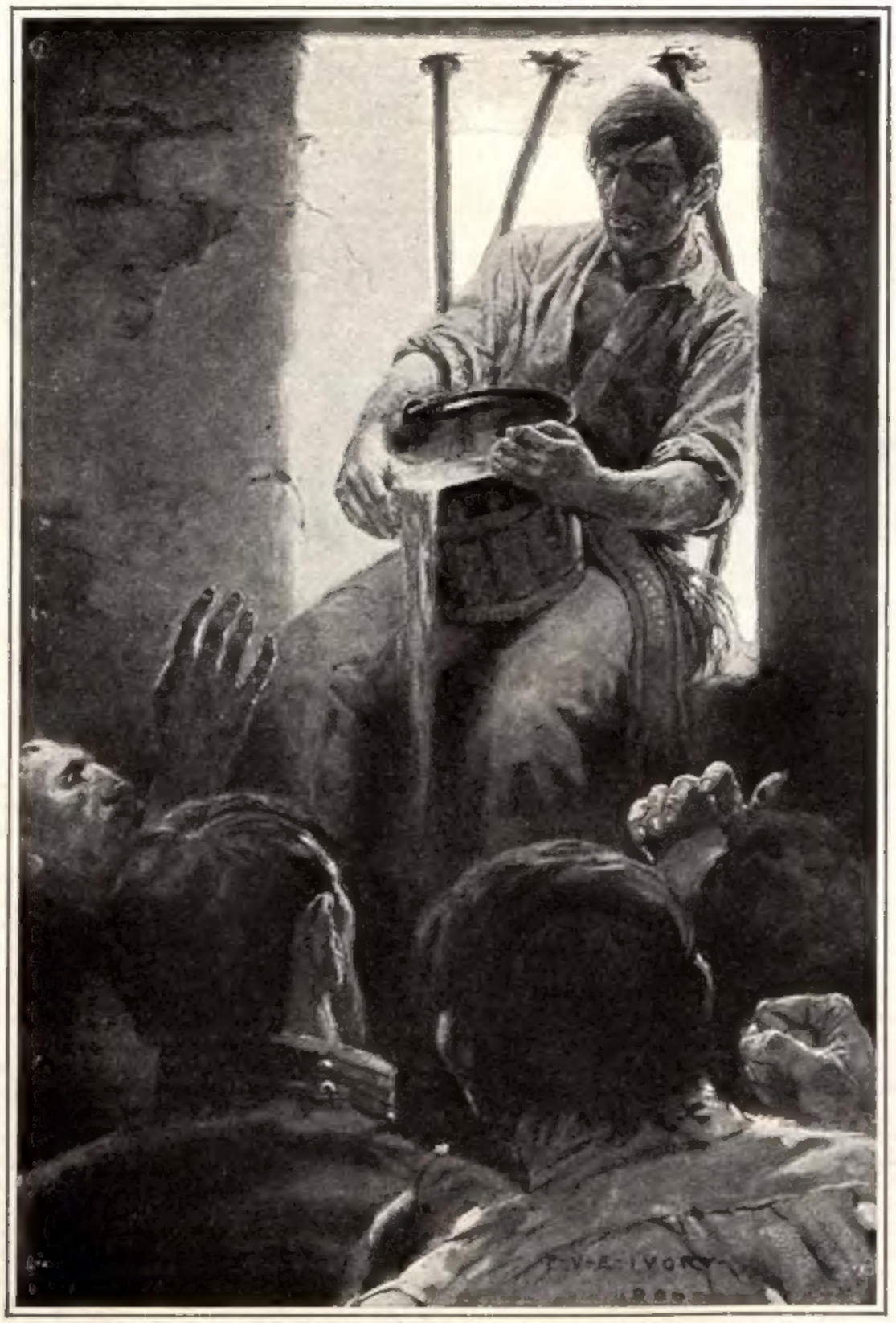
Impressed by this appearance of anger, the soldiers bestirred themselves, and the sentry, snatching up his musket, stood to attention.

But when a couple of buckets were found and filled from the well it was discovered that they could not be passed through the bars which were set too close. At the prospect of quenching their thirst, the shrieks of those trampled down in the struggle within to get near the opening were very heartrending. But when the soldiers, who had lifted the buckets toward the window, put them on the ground again helplessly, the yell of disappointment was still more terrible.

The soldiers of the army of Independence were not equipped with canteens. A small tin cup was found, but its approach to the opening caused such a commotion, such shrieks of rage and pain in the vague mass of limbs behind the straining faces at the window, that Lieutenant Santierra cried out hurriedly: "No, no; you must open the door, Sergeant!"

The sergeant, shrugging his shoulders, explained that he had no right to open the door even if he had had the key. But he had not the key. The adjutant of the garrison kept the key. Those men were giving much unnecessary trouble, since they had to die at sunset in any case. Why they had not been shot at once, early in the morning, he could not understand.

All the time Lieutenant Santierra had kept his back studiously to the window. It was at his earnest solicitation that the commandant had delayed the execution. This favor had been granted to him in consideration of his distinguished family and of his father's high position among the chiefs of the Republican party. Lieutenant Santierra knew that the general commanding would arrive at the fort some time in the afternoon, and he ingenuously hoped that his naïve intercession would induce that severe man to pardon some, at least, of those criminals.



"Holding the Bucket on His Lap, He Repulsed the Assault of Those Wretches by the Mere Swinging of His Feet"

In the revulsion of his feeling, his interference appeared to him now as a guilty and futile meddling. It seemed to him obvious that the general would never even consent to listen to him. He could never save those men, and he had only made himself responsible for the sufferings added to the cruelty of their fate.

"Then go at once and get the key from the adjutant," said Lieutenant Santierra.

The sergeant shook his head with a sort of bashful smile while his eyes glanced sideways at Gaspar Ruiz's face, motionless and silent, staring through the bars at the bottom of a heap of the other haggard, distorted, yelling faces.

His worship the adjutant de plaza, the sergeant murmured, was having his siesta, and, supposing that he, the sergeant, would be allowed access to him, the only result he expected would be to have his soul flogged out of his body for presuming to disturb his worship's repose.

He made a deprecatory movement with his hands and stood stock-still, looking down modestly upon his brown toes.

Lieutenant Santierra glared with indignation, but hesitated. His handsome oval face, as smooth as a girl's, flushed with the shame of his perplexity. Its nature humiliated his spirit. His hairless upper lip trembled; he seemed on the point of either bursting into a fit of rage or into tears of dismay.

Fifty years later General Santierra, the venerable relic of the revolutionary times, was well able to remember the feelings of the young lieutenant. Since he had given up riding altogether and found it difficult to walk beyond the limits of his garden, the general's greatest delight was to entertain in his house the officers of the foreign men-of-war visiting the harbor. For Englishmen he had a preference as for old companions in arms. English naval men of all ranks accepted his hospitality with curiosity because he had known Lord Cochrane, and had taken part on board the patriot squadron commanded by that marvelous seaman in the cutting out and blockading operations of Callao—an episode of unalloyed glory in the wars of Independence and of endless honor in the fighting traditions of Englishmen.

He was a fair linguist, this ancient survivor of the liberating armies. A trick of smoothing his long, white beard whenever he was short of a word in French or English imparted an air of leisurely dignity to the tone of his reminiscences.

III

"YES, my friends," he used to say to his guests. "What would you have? A youth of seventeen summers without worldly experience, and owing my rank only to the glorious patriotism of my father—may God rest his soul!—I suffered immense humiliation—not so much from the disobedience of that subordinate, who, after all, was responsible for those prisoners; but I suffered because, boy as I was, I myself dreaded going to the adjutant for the key. I had felt, before, his rough and cutting tongue. Being quite a common fellow, with no merit except his savage valor, he had made me feel his contempt and dislike from the first day I joined my battalion in garrison at the fort. It was only a fortnight before! I would have confronted him sword in hand, but I shrank from the mocking brutality of his sneers.

"I don't remember having been so miserable in my life before or since. The torment of my sensibility was so great that I wished the sergeant to fall dead at my feet and the stupid soldiers who stared at me to turn into corpses; and even those wretches for whom my entreaties had procured a reprieve I wished dead also, because I could not face them without shame. A mephitic heat, like a whiff of air from hell, came out of that dark place in which they were confined. Those at the window who had heard what was going on jeered at me in very desperation; one of these fellows, distracted no doubt, kept on urging me to order the soldiers to fire through the window. His mad loquacity made my heart turn faint. And my feet were like lead. There was no higher officer to whom I could appeal. I had not even the firmness of spirit to simply go away.

"Benumbed by my remorse, I stood with my back to the window. You must not suppose that all this lasted a long time. How long could it have been? A minute? If you measured by mental suffering, it was like a hundred years; a longer time than all my life has been since. No, certainly, it was not so much as a minute. The hoarse screaming of those miserable wretches died out in their dry throats, and then suddenly a voice spoke, a deep voice, muttering calmly. It called upon me to turn round.

"That voice, señores, proceeded from the head of Gaspar Ruiz. Of his body I could see nothing. Some of his fellow-captives had clambered upon his back. He was holding them up. His eyes blinked without looking

at me. That and the moving of his lips was all he seemed able to manage in his overloaded state. And, when I turned round, this head that seemed more than human size, resting on its chin under a multitude of other heads, asked me whether I really desired to quench the thirst of the captives.

"I said, 'Yes, yes!' eagerly, and came up quite close to the window. I was like a child, and did not know what would happen. I was anxious to be comforted in my helplessness and remorse.

"'Have you the authority, *Señor teniente*, to release my wrists from their bonds?' Gaspar Ruiz's head asked me.

"His features expressed no anxiety, no hope; his heavy eyelids blinked upon his eyes that looked past me straight into the courtyard.

"As if in an ugly dream, I spoke, stammering:

"'What do you mean? And how can I reach the bonds on your wrists?'

"'I will try what I can do,' he said; and then that large, staring head moved at last and all the wild faces piled up in that window disappeared, tumbling down. He had shaken his load off with one movement, so strong he was.

"And he had not only shaken it off, but he got free of the crush and vanished from my sight. For a moment there was no one at all to be seen at the window. He had swung about, butting and shouldering, clearing a space for himself in the only way he could do it with his hands tied behind his back.

"Finally, backing to the opening, he pushed out to me between the bars his wrists lashed with many turns of rope. His hands, very swollen, with knotted veins, looked enormous and wieldy. I saw his bent back. It was very broad. His voice was like the muttering of a bull.

"'Cut, *Señor teniente!* Cut!'

"I drew my sword, my new unblunted sword that had seen no service as yet, and severed the many turns of the hide rope. I did this without knowing the why and the wherefore of my action, but as it were compelled by my faith in that man. The sergeant made as if to cry out, but astonishment deprived him of his voice, and he remained standing with his mouth open as if overtaken by sudden imbecility.

"I sheathed my sword and faced the soldiers. An air of awestruck expectation had replaced their usual listless apathy. I heard the voice of Gaspar Ruiz shouting inside, but the words I could not make out plainly.

"I suppose to see him with his arms free augmented the influence of his strength; I mean by this, the spiritual influence that with ignorant people attaches to an exceptional degree of bodily vigor. In fact, he was no more

At the Crossings of Rare Streams They Were Permitted to Quench Their Thirst by Lapping Hurriedly Like Dogs

to be feared than before on account of the numbness of his arms and hands, which lasted for some time.

"The sergeant had recovered his power of speech.

"'By all the saints!' he cried. 'We shall have to get a cavalry man with a lasso to secure him again if he is to be led to the place of execution! Nothing less than a good *enlazador* on a good horse can subdue him. Your worship was pleased to perform a very mad thing.'

"I had nothing to say. I was surprised myself, and I felt a childish curiosity to see what would happen. But the sergeant was thinking of the difficulty of controlling Gaspar Ruiz when the time for making an example would come.

"'Or perhaps,' the sergeant pursued vexedly, 'we shall be obliged to shoot him down as he dashes out when the door is opened.'

"He was going to give further vent to his anxiety as to the proper carrying out of the sentence; but he interrupted himself with a sudden exclamation, snatched a musket from a soldier, and stood watchful with his eyes fixed on the window."

IV

"GASPAR RUIZ had clambered upon the sill and sat down there with his feet against the thickness of the wall and his knees slightly bent. The window was not quite broad enough for the length of his legs. It appeared, to my crestfallen perception, that he meant to keep the window all to himself. He settled himself comfortably. Nobody inside dared to approach him now he could strike with his hands.

"'*Por Dios!*' I heard the sergeant muttering at my elbow. 'I shall shoot him through the head now and get rid of that trouble. He is a condemned man.'

"At that I looked at him angrily.

"'The general has not confirmed the sentence,' I said, though I knew well in my heart that these were but vain words. The sentence required no confirmation. 'You have no right to shoot him unless he tries to escape,' I added firmly.

"'But,' the sergeant yelled, bringing his musket up to the shoulder, 'he is escaping now. Look!'

"But I, as if that Gaspar Ruiz had cast a spell upon me, struck the musket upward and the bullet flew over the roofs somewhere. The sergeant dashed his arm to the ground and stared. He might have commanded the soldiers to fire, but he did not. And if he had, he would not have been obeyed, I think, just then.

"With his feet against the thickness of the wall and his great, hairy hands grasping the iron bar, Gaspar Ruiz sat still. It was an attitude. Nothing happened for a time. And suddenly it dawned upon us that he was straightening his bowed back and contracting his arms. His lips were twisted into a snarl. Next thing we perceived was that the bar of forged iron was being bent slowly by the mightiness of his pull.

"The sun was beating full upon his cramped, unquivering figure. A shower of sweat drops burst out of his

(Continued on Page 63)

THE FIGHT IN THE CACHE

Being an Account of Seagrue to Whispering Smith, Dr.

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

I

WHISPERING SMITH, until lately in charge of the special service on the mountain division, had a room in which he made headquarters at Medicine Bend; but a man's room is a rather forlorn affair, and Whispering Smith, being logical, made no effort to elaborate his domestic poverty. His belongings were of a simple sort and his walls were as bare as a Jesuit's; moreover, his affairs, being at times highly particular, did not admit of the presence of a janitor. His iron bed was spread only with sheets and a pair of Pullman blankets, and his toilet arrangements included nothing more complicated than a shaving outfit. A wardrobe, standing in one corner, served not to ward Whispering Smith's robes—these hung for the most part on his back—but to accommodate his rifles, of which he kept an array that only a practiced man could understand.

It was two o'clock in the morning when George McCloud, the superintendent, tapped on the door of Smith's room.

"Are you awake, Gordon?"

"I will be in a minute. Why?"

"Second Number Three train was stopped at Tower W to-night. Oliver Sollers was pulling it; he is badly shot up and one of the express messengers was shot to pieces. They cracked through the safe and made a clean get-away."

Smith threw back his blanket. "Tower W—two hundred and seventy-six miles. Have you ordered an engine?"

"Yes."

"Where's Kennedy?"

"Right here."

"Strike a light, Farrell. What about the horses?"

"They are being loaded."

"Is the line clear?"

"Rooney Lee is clearing now."

"Spike it, George; it's now or never for these fellows this time. Start Brill Young and a good man from Sleepy Cat ahead of us, George. They can be at Tower W by daybreak and perhaps pick up a trail before we get there. And I want Ed Banks with a good posse to ride straight north to Deep Creek and guard the Mission passes. I guess I'm ready; let's go."

The men hastened down the deserted street toward the railroad-yard where lanterns were moving about the guards' car. The air was chill and the sky clear, with a moon more than half to the full.

"Lord, what a night to ride!" exclaimed Whispering Smith, looking mournfully at the stars. "Well planned this: well planned, I must admit."

Across the yard a great passenger engine, its huge, white side-rod rising and falling in the moonlight, was backing down for the run. Until the last minute, Whispering Smith was consulting with McCloud. When the engine signaled they said good-by, and the special pounded through the switches and moved with gathering speed up the cañon.

II

BRILL YOUNG had a good trail when the train reached Tower W. The wrecked express car had no story to tell.

"The only story," said Whispering Smith, as the men climbed, in the sunshine, into their saddles, "is in their horses' feet, and the sooner we get after it the better."

The country around Tower W is rough, and ten miles away from the railroad a man on horseback would wish himself, mountain men will tell you, in jail, because it would be easier to ride out of.

The railroad party covered twenty miles, due south, on a trail that read like print. One after another commented on the careless way in which it had been left, but in an open and comparatively easy country it was swallowed up in the tracks of a hundred horses. The pursuers circled far and wide only to find that the herd had been everywhere ahead of them.

"This is a beautiful job," murmured Whispering Smith, as the men rode together along the edge of a creek bottom. "Now who is their friend in this country? What man would get out a big bunch of horses and work them this hard so early in the morning? Let's hunt up that man."

"Stop; here is a man riding right into our arms," said Farrell Kennedy, the tall chief of the mountain guards. "Divide up among the rocks."

When a horseman galloped in from the south a moment later, Kennedy rode out to him with an ivory smile. The two parleyed, disputed in sharp words and rode back together to the railroad party.

"Haven't seen any men looking for horses this morning, have you?" asked Whispering Smith, eying the stranger—a squat, square-jawed fellow with a cataract eye.

"I'm looking for horses myself."

"Was this your bunch of horses that got loose here?"

"No."

"I thought you said a moment ago it was," suggested Kennedy, smiling.

The stranger fixed his cataract on Farrell like a flashlight. "I changed my mind."

Whispering Smith's brows went up protestingly, but he seemed to remember something of interest as his eyes rested

The Railroad Party Covered Twenty Miles on a Trail that Read Like Print

on the stranger and he spoke with perfect amiability: "You ought to change your hat when you change your mind. I saw you driving a bunch of horses down that cañon a few minutes ago. By the way, do you still drag your left leg, Rockstro?"

The rancher looked steadily at his inquisitor and a perception seemed to steal over him. "Which of you fellows is Whispering Smith?"

"The man with the dough is Whispering Smith, every time," was Smith's answer. "You have about seven years to serve, Rockstro, haven't you? Seven, I think. Now what have I ever done to you that you should turn a trick like this on me? I knew you were here and you knew I knew you were, and I call this a pretty country; a little smooth, like the people, but pretty. Have I bothered you? Now, tell me one thing: how much did you get for covering this trail? I stand to give you two dollars for every one you got last night for the job. Which way did they go?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Get off that horse a minute," suggested Whispering Smith, dismounting, "and step over here toward the creek."

The man, afraid to refuse and unwilling to go, walked haltingly after him.

"What is it, Rockstro?" asked his tormentor. "Don't you like the climate? What do you want to go back to the penitentiary for? Now, tell me one thing: will you give up the trail?"

"I ain't seen a man hereabouts for a week."

"Then you can't tell me whether there were five men or six?"

"You've got one eye as good as mine and one a whole lot better."

"So it was fixed up for cash a week ago?"

"Everything is cash in this country."

"Well, Rockstro, I'm sorry, but we'll have to take you with us."

The rancher whipped out a six-shooter. Whispering Smith caught his wrist. The struggle lasted only a moment. Rockstro writhed and the revolver dropped to the ground.

"Now shall I break your arm?" asked Smith as the helpless man cursed and resisted, "or will you behave yourself? You'll have to come with us. If I had ever done you a mean turn I would not say a word. I have left you as free as the wind here, making only the one rule—to let the railroad alone. This is my thanks. Now I'll ask you just one question. I haven't killed you, as I had a perfect right to do when you pulled on me; I haven't broken your arm, as I would have done had there been a doctor within twenty-five miles; and I haven't started you for the pen—not yet. Now I ask you a question: Did you need the money?"

"How can a man make a living in this country unless he picks up everything that's going?" asked the rancher with a bitter oath.

Whispering Smith dropped Rockstro's wrist. "Then pick up your gun, man. If you needed the money, I'm not saying a word."

"But I can't double-cross any man," protested Rockstro, stooping for his gun.

"I should think less of you if you did, Rockstro. You don't need money now, anyway, but sometime you may need a friend. I'm going to leave you here. You'll hear no more of this, and I'm going to ask you a question: Why did you go against this when you knew you would have to settle with me?"

"They told me you would be taken care of before it was pulled off."

"They lied to you, didn't they? No matter, you've got their stuff. Now, I'll ask you one question that I don't know the answer to: it's a fair question, too. Was Seagrue in the penitentiary with you at Fort City?"

"Yes."

"Then behave yourself and keep your mouth shut, and if the woman should fall sick, or you have to have a little money, come and see me."

Smith led the way back to the horses.

"Look here," muttered Rockstro, following, his good eye glued on his companion, "I pulled on you too quick, I guess; quicker'n I'd ought to."

"Don't mention it. You didn't pull quick enough; it's humiliating to have a lobster do a thing like that. People that pull on me usually pull and shoot at the same time.

Rebstock Stood in Front of His Cabin, Smoking

Two distinct movements, Rockstro, are fatal to success—as bad as taking aim: come down to the Bend sometime and I'll give you a decent gun and a few lessons."

Rockstro remounted and Whispering Smith rejoined his companions.

"I like to play blind man's buff," he said, wiping his forehead, "but not so far from good water. These fellows have pulled us a third of the way to the Gros Terre Mountains on a beautiful trail, too beautiful to be true, Farrell. They have been having fun with us, and my guess is that they've doubled back through the Topah-Topahs toward the Missions and Williams Cache—and aren't we five able-bodied jays, gentlemen? Five strong-arm suckers? It is an inelegant word—it is an inelegant feeling. No matter; we can get out of here by Goose River and pick them up somewhere around Saddle Peaks if it is the Williams Cache gang. That's only a guess, but any guess is good now."

It was noon when the party, riding hard, struck the railroad. They halted long enough to stop a freight train, have an empty box-car set behind the engine, and then, loading their horses, they made a helter-skelter run to Sleepy Cat, striking north, at three o'clock, for the Mission Mountains.

III

THEY joined Ed Banks—his posse strung along the passes of the Missions—at Deep Springs that night. It was then known that three of the men they wanted had wantonly killed a cowboy at the K. C. ranch, and crossed Deep Creek, which meant they must work out of the country through Williams Cache.

"If you will take your best men, Ed," said Whispering Smith, "and strike straight for Canadian Pass, I'll undertake to ride into the Cache at daybreak and talk to Rebstock. The barn-boy at the ranch gives a good description; it is pretty certainly now the Cache gang. The three men that did the job last night were Seagrue and Karg and probably young Rebstock, the Weazel. The cowboy refused them horses and put up a fight. Seagrue shot him down like a dog and shot him when he fell to see him squirm. Yes, Seagrue can do those things. Did I tell you how we picked up the trail yesterday? Through the buzzards. The gang shot a scrub that gave out on them and skinned his flank to hasten the banquet, but we got there before the birds were all seated. Great luck, wasn't it? It gave us a clean trail to the K. C. Seagrue, Karg and the other fellow came through the Mission Pass, that much is a cinch, and, if we get them, the other two will be easy. Three are in the Cache, and if they get out it will be our fault, personally, Ed, and not the Lord's: let that be understood. This time we want Seagrue."

Rebstock, king of Williams Cache, cattle-thief, fence and financier, had become a man of consequence, and subject to the anxieties and annoyances of such responsibility. Smith found an envoy in a crippled-up horse-thief who was driving a milch-cow down the Cache and was willing to take a message to the boss. Smith gave his instructions explicitly, facing the messenger with an importunate eye.

"Say to Rebstock exactly these words," he insisted. "This is from Whispering Smith: 'I want Seagrue. He killed a friend of mine last night at the K. C. He can't get out. The Canadian pass is plugged. I won't stand for the killing, and it's Seagrue or a clean-up in the Cache, and then I'll get Seagrue anyway. Regards.'"

Rebstock refused to appear on so trivial a matter, and Whispering Smith declined to specify further grievance. After more parley the monarch sent word asking Whispering Smith to come to his cabin accompanied only by Kennedy.

The two men rode up the cañon together. At the head of a short pocket between two sheer granite walls Rebstock stood in front of his cabin, smoking. He looked moodily at his visitors out of eyes buried between rolls of fat.

"What are you so high and mighty about?" demanded Smith, throwing his hat on the table as he followed Rebstock into the house. "Why don't you come out when I send for you? What have you got to kick about? Haven't you been treated right?"

Being in no position to complain, but shrewdly aware that much unpleasantness was in the air, Rebstock beat around the bush. He had had rheumatism; he couldn't ride; he had been in bed three weeks and hadn't seen Seagrue in three months.

"You ain't chasing up here after Seagrue because he killed a man at the K. C.," wheezed Rebstock. "That isn't the first man he's killed and it ain't a-goin' to be the last."

Whispering Smith lifted his finger and for the first time smiled. "Now there you err, Rebstock: there you leave the track—it is a-goin' to be the last. So you think I'm after you, do you? Suppose I were, what are you going to do about it? Rebstock, do you think if I wanted you I would send a message for you to come out and meet me? Not on your life! When I want you I'll come to your shack and drag you out by the hair of your head. Sit down!" roared Whispering Smith.

Rebstock, who weighed at least two hundred and seventy-five pounds and had lifted himself to glare and swear freely, dropped back into his chair like a torpedo.

"Well, what do you want?" he bellowed in kind.

A smile softened the asperity of the railroad man's face, and he spoke as if asking for a glass of water. "That's a fair question and I give you a straight answer. I'm not bluffing; I want Seagrue."

Rebstock squirmed. He swore with shortened breath that he knew nothing about Seagrue; that Seagrue had stolen his cattle; that hanging was too good for him.

"Likely enough," assented Smith; "but this is wasting time. He rode in here last night after shooting Dan Baggs at the K. C. Karg is with him and your dutiful nephew, the Weazel, is with him, and I want them; but in especial and particular I want Seagrue."

Rebstock denied, protested, panted, stormed and threatened. Whispering Smith was immovable. Rebstock offered to surrender any one else in the Cache, but every suggestion was met with the same words:

"No; Seagrue."

At last the smile on Whispering Smith's face wearied.

"See here, Rebstock," he said quietly, "I'm going to tell you the simple truth: Seagrue has got you scared to death. That man is a faker, Rebstock. Because he shoots men right and left without any provocation, you think he is dangerous. He isn't; there are a dozen men in the Cache just as good with the gun as Seagrue is. Don't shake your head; he is a jay with a gun; tell him I said so. He's got everybody, including you, scared to death. Now, I say, don't be silly: I want Seagrue."

Rebstock rose to his feet and pointed his stubby finger. "Whispering Smith, you know me ——"

"I know you for a fat rascal."

"That's all right. We've both got sense ——"

"You're not showing yours to-day, Rebstock."

"I'll give you all the horse-flesh you can kill and all the men you can hire to go after him and I'll bury your dead myself. You think he can't shoot? I'll give you a tip on the square." Whispering Smith snorted. "He'll shoot the buttons off your coat in four shots." Smith kicked Rebstock's dog contemptuously. "And he'll do it while you're falling down," persisted Rebstock, beaded with perspiration. "I wash my hands of the whole job."

"It was no trick to see that he had you scared silly." Whispering Smith reached for his hat. "You are losing your wits, old man. Seagrue is a faker, and I'm going to run him out of the country. Our treaty ends right here. You promised to harbor no man in the Cache that went against the railroad. You know as well as I do that this man with four others held up our train at Tower W, shot our engineer to death for mere delight, took sixty-five thousand dollars out of the safe and made their get-away. Don't lie; you know every word of it and I suspect you've got the money hid this minute. Now I track Seagrue to your door. He is inside the Cache this minute. You know every pocket and washout in it, and every cutthroat and jail-bird in it, and they pay you blood-money and hush-money every month, and when I ask you to give up, not a dozen men that the company is entitled to, but merely to send out this Scandinavian lobster, you wash your hands of the job, do you? Listen." Whispering Smith rose. "If you don't send Seagrue into the open before noon to-morrow I'll run every living steer and every living man out of Williams Cache before I cross the Crawling Stone again, so help me! And I'll send within thirty minutes for cowboys to start the job. I'll scrape your Deep Creek cañons till the rattlesnakes squeal. I'll leave Williams Cache so wild that a timber-wolf can't follow his own trail through it. You'll break with me, will you, Rebstock? Then wind up your bank-account; before I finish with you I'll put you in stripes and feed buzzards off your table."

Whispering Smith, Hatless and Breathless, Rose Out of the Dust

Rebstock's face was apoplectic. He choked with a torrent of oaths and protests, but Whispering Smith swung into the saddle. Within thirty minutes two men had taken the Frenchman road after the cowboys.

IV

AT DAYBREAK the next morning the railroad party, reënforced by the K. C. cowboys, rode under Kennedy and Smith into the Cache.

"I don't know just what I'm steering you against this morning, Farrell," said Whispering Smith. "Bill Dancing has provided me with a racehorse and I may distance you all when it comes to running away. Certainly, I should hate to run you into Seagrue before I have a few words with him, but accidents will happen. Remember, though, he will never be more dangerous that he is at the first moment; he grows nervous if he can't shoot right away. When you pull, get a bullet into his stomach if you can. We mustn't make the mistake of underestimating him—Rebstock is right; Seagrue is a fright with a six-shooter."

Four cowboys and Bill Dancing followed Whispering Smith. With them he took the rough country to the left while Kennedy rode with his following far to the right, the instructions being to make a clean sweep as the line advanced.

It was like poking at rattlesnakes to clean out the grassy retreats of the little park, but the work was pushed on in spite of protests, threats and resistance, and before long Rebstock's cabin had more men around it than had ever been seen together in the Cache at one time. Sorties were discussed, ambushes considered and a pitched battle was planned. But, although ideas were plentiful, no one aspired to lead an attack on Whispering Smith. Meantime, the round-up line moved steadily forward. At noon a steer was killed, everybody fed and the drive was resumed. An hour later, Bill Dancing, Smith and three of the cowboys were heading a draw to cross to the extreme south side of the Cache, when three men, five hundred yards ahead, rode out into the road.

Whispering Smith spoke: "There, I think, come our friends; stop right here. This land in front of us looks good to me. Bill, you go back and help the men with the cattle; there will be four of us against three then."

"Not for mine," said Bill Dancing bluntly. "You may need help from an old fool yet. I'll see you through and see to the cattle afterward."

"Then, boys, one or two of you go back," urged Whispering Smith, speaking to the cowboys without turning his eyes. "There's no need of five of us in this."

But the cowboys, too, wanted to see things. "If you'll go back yourself," declared Stormy Gorman, the K. C. foreman, "we'll bring them fellows in for you with their hands in the air."

"I know you would; I know it. But I'm paid for this kind of work and you're not, and I advise no man to take unnecessary chances. If you all want to stay, why stay; but don't ride ahead of the line. Let me do all the talking. Seagrue is riding in the middle now and a little back, playing for a quick drop."

Holding their horses to the slowest possible walk, the two parties approached until the two lines were fifty feet apart.

By that time the youngest cowboy in the bunch was thinking hard. Whispering Smith had halted. In perfect order and seated as if they were riding a parade, the outlaws advanced: when they reined up less than twelve feet separated the two lines.

In his tan shirt, Seagrue, with his red face, his split lips and his heavy neck, hung a little behind. The Weazel rode on the left, his thin blood showing yellow through his brown forearms. He knew the K. C. cowboys and nodded to them. On the right the young fellow, Karg, black-eyed and alert, spoke to Dancing. Seagrue and his companions wore short-armed shirts, rifles were slung at their pommels and six-shooters stuck from their hip holsters. Whispering Smith, in dusty khaki, carried his rifle beside his pommel.

Seagrue was first to speak. "Which of you fellows is heading this round-up?"

"I am heading this round-up," answered Whispering Smith. "Why? Have we got some of your cattle?" Both men spoke as quietly as school-teachers.

Then Seagrue raised his voice a little: "Is your name Smith?"

"My name is Smith and yours is Seagrue. Yes; I'll tell you, Seagrue. I have an inspector's card from the Mountain Stock Association. When we get these cattle to the Door any man in the Cache can come forward and prove his property. I want you to go to Medicine Bend with me, Seagrue, as soon as convenient, and the boys can finish the round-up."

"What do you want me for? There's no papers out against me, is there?"

"No, but I'm an officer of the law, Seagrue; I'll see about the papers. I want you for murder."

"So they tell me. Well, you're after the wrong man; but I'll go with you; I don't care about that."

"Neither do I, Seagrue; and as you have your two friends along I won't break up the party; they may come, too."

"What for?"

"For stopping a train at Tower W the other night."

(Concluded on Page 22)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Kansas' Press Agent

ONCE in a while there breaks into the Senate of the United States a man whom nobody wants there: the career of such a man is usually worth watching. And about once in a thousand years a man has the chance to be shoved in and refuses it: the portrait of such a man deserves a frame all to itself.

Such a frame should be ordered for Foster Dwight Coburn, of Kansas. On the day when Mr. Coburn was appointed United States Senator by Governor E. W. Hoch, a big boss in the Republican State machine was called up over the telephone by one of the newspaper correspondents at Topeka, and asked for a "statement." The machine leader blurted out explosively:

"I can't do this thing justice over the telephone: I might be arrested."

Politicians of all factions lamented in unison that such a good job should have been wasted on a man without enough political sagacity to appreciate the opportunities of the situation; on a man who required a week to make up his mind whether he wanted the office; on a man who had the audacity to admit with some pride that for eight years he had not been within the boundaries of "Copeland County"—the tavern which constitutes the State hive of Republican activity.

Copeland County was abuzz with indignant political bumblebees, each anxious to put a stinger into the new Senator, or the man who appointed him. Politicians on good terms with the Governor accused Mr. Hoch of bad faith, because he did not appoint a political friend. Hostile politicians abused him for making any appointment at all.

You can easily imagine, then, the relief with which the State machine heard that Coburn had declined the appointment. And yet the truth is that nobody was more relieved than Coburn himself.

The Man Who Wouldn't be Senator

FOR Coburn was not one of the lobby swarm. For twelve years he had stuck to his desk at the Statehouse, attending to his duties as secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, taking no vacations, and gradually gaining a reputation with the people as one of the big men of the State. Political feuds did not interest him. So heartily did he shun newspaper notoriety that he made it a point not to visit the newspaper offices, for fear some one would think he was courting a "write-up." He was plain F. D. Coburn, and not until the Senatorial lime-light struck him did the people of Kansas know what the "F. D." stood for. He called himself the State's advertising agent, and the people called him the most valuable citizen of Kansas.

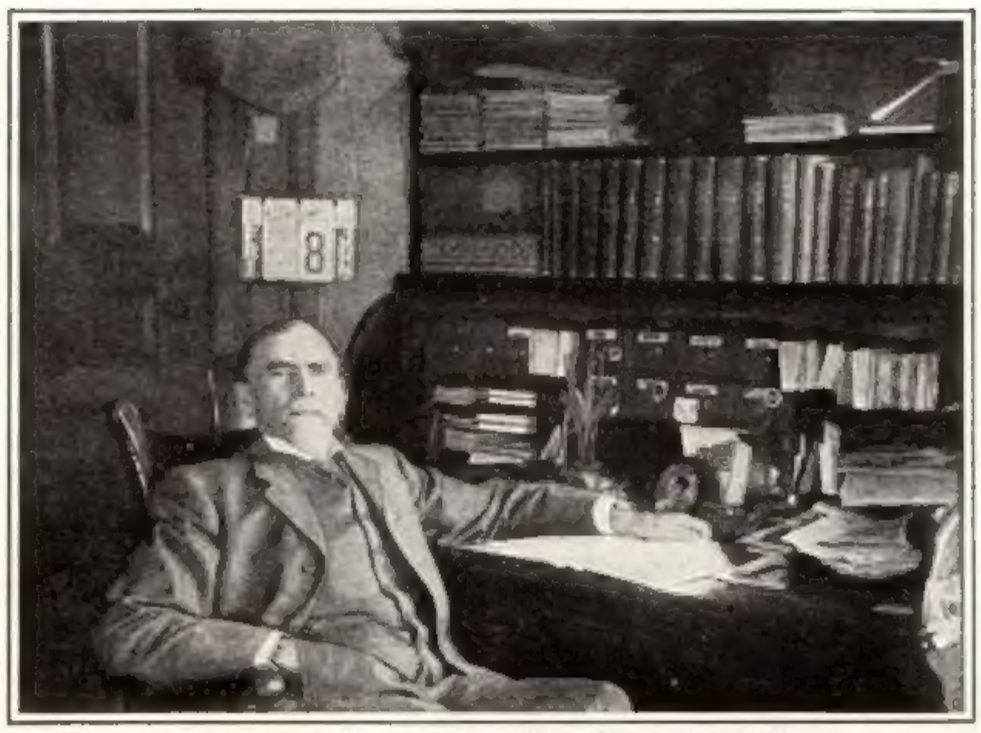
Yet politically he had always been a nonentity. Once he was pursued by what the politicians called a "grass roots" boom for governor. All the agricultural societies of the State were indorsing him. Coburn said he did not want the office. But his boom grew and multiplied. Some of the members of the machine took notice, and decided that, with proper cultivation, Coburn's boom might be worthy of their consideration. They sent a representative to sound Coburn, and see if he was disposed to do the right thing. When the representative of the machine entered Mr. Coburn's office he found him dictating letters to his daughter, who acts as his private stenographer. The politician gently hinted that he had something confidential to impart, and desired to see Mr. Coburn alone.

"I would be glad to accommodate you," said Coburn, "but I believe that it is pretty safe to say that I don't want to hear anything that cannot with propriety be told in the presence of my daughter."

The politician huffily withdrew, and the machine supported another man. Coburn did not get the nomination for governor, and, of course, no man was more pleased with the result than Coburn himself.

How Coburn Makes Good

WHENEVER this man has undertaken anything he has "made good." Born in Wisconsin in 1846, he became an orphan at the age of two years. After he was thirteen years of age he had to shift for himself. He went to school a few years at Hannibal, Mo., and, at the age of seventeen, enlisted in the 135th Illinois Volunteers for a hundred days. When his term expired he reënlisted in the 62d Illinois. As a soldier, young Coburn "made good," for, when he was mustered out at Fort Gibson in 1866, he had the rank of sergeant-major—and he was not yet old enough to vote.



F. D. Coburn at His Desk in His Office at the Capitol Building

He "made good" again when, in 1867, he came to Kansas on foot, crossed the Missouri River on the ice, and found a job cooking and herding cattle on a Franklin County ranch. He taught school in winter, and in two years rented a farm, married Miss Lou Jenkins, a Franklin County girl, and set to work to earn the money to buy a farm of his own.

It was only a question of time until he "made good" again. He wrote, out of his own experiences, articles for the agricultural papers, and these articles attracted attention because they were full of meat and common-sense. People have marveled that a man shut off from all except the rudiments of school education should turn out to be a polished scholar, well-read and broad-minded. It is merely another instance of Coburn's ability to "make good." All his life he had been a student; a student of books, of agriculture and stock-raising, of good breeding for man and beast.

In 1880 his reputation was such that he was called to Topeka to do some work for the State Board of Agriculture. This was followed by Mr. Coburn's unanimous election to the office of secretary of the board, a position in which he so emphatically "made good," looking after the interests of the farmers, that it led to his first clash with the politicians. They couldn't run his office while he was in charge, so they beat him for reëlection to the office of secretary. He worked then as clerk in the United States Pension Office; a Democratic Governor made him a regent of the State Agricultural College; he was advertising agent for a Western investment company; for six years he was editor of the Live Stock Indicator, at Kansas City. In 1894 he was recalled to the office of secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and on each succeeding biennial anniversary his reëlection had been a hilarious and unanimous formality.

A Judge of Good "Critters"

BECAUSE Coburn "made good" as secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture he was called upon to act as one of the expert judges at the live-stock show of the Columbian Exposition. When, a few years later, the St. Louis Exposition wanted the biggest man in the country of suitable attainments for the position of chief of its department of live stock, Coburn was selected, because he was a man who had always "made good." Kansas gave Mr. Coburn leave of absence to carry this department of the St. Louis Exposition to the wonderful success it achieved. In the bale of telegrams which came to Mr. Coburn the morning his appointment was announced, none was more prized by him than those from officials of the St. Louis Exposition.

"I am proud of those," said Mr. Coburn, "because they show my folks here at home that these strangers with whom I came in contact think well of me."

As Secretary Coburn sat at his desk in the State capitol building in Topeka a few days before the announcement of his appointment to the office of Senator, he said to a friend:

"Any man on this desk is or ought to be the press agent of Kansas.

"I earn my salary by doing things not required by the law. The law requires that I issue big tomes of statistics at regular intervals, but I consider that the most valuable part of my work is the publication of these little books which tell the wonders of Kansas agriculture. I have been at this for forty years and still I am astonished at the things I find when I get to digging up facts. I print these little books to allow those facts to percolate throughout the country. Most of my facts I get from Uncle Sam's reports. They could say that Coburn would lie, but they can't say that Government figures lie. They can't accuse the Government of bias.

"I believe in good printing. I try to make these booklets about Kansas agriculture look different. Good printing pays. People take a man for the estimate he puts on himself. If he uses a rubber-stamp to make his letter-heads, he is a rubber-stamp man. The law does not require that I wear a plug hat and long-tailed coat when I happen to make a trip back East to tell the people about Kansas, but I know that the people back East think more about such things than we do out here.

"I do more good for the State when I am lying in bed at home, thinking up how to get out new advertising material for Kansas, than I do when I am at work here at my desk. I have something of this sort incubating all the time.

"The people here in the State of Kansas," he continued, "constitute a big family. Now what man is there who would walk down the main street of the town and tell every man he meets that his wife is afflicted with corns, that his daughter is suffering with tuberculosis, and that his son has boils? No man of good sense would talk about such things. But if he had triplets in his family he would swell up about it and tell everybody. That's my attitude with regard to this big family of Kansans. I want to counteract this poisonous virus that is being circulated about alleged hard times, semi-arid climate, hot winds, blizzards and droughts."

One of Mr. Coburn's pet ideas is his envelope inscriptions. Each envelope which goes out from the Kansas Department of Agriculture has on the reverse side, in fac-simile of Mr. Coburn's own handwriting, some terse, ringing bit of information about Kansas crops.

"I have a lot of different kinds," says Mr. Coburn in speaking of his envelopes and their varied messages. "I shuffle them up, and keep an assortment in my desk. This one goes to Brown, that one to Jones. Next time each may get a different one. Most people think those inscriptions are actually written on with a pen, and they say: 'Coburn did that just to give us good measure.' It makes them feel good. When I started in at this work I found some people were inclined to object to having me spend money for new letter-heads and for these little novelties I think of from time to time. They thought that the old letter-heads, which had been used for years and years, were good enough for anybody. I talked with them and argued with them and—well, you see I got what I wanted."

Coburn's booklets, quarterlies and reports are in demand all over the world. No State officer gets such a heavy mail every day as Mr. Coburn. His "Red-Line Quarterlies" are used as text-books in most of the agricultural schools of the country. This is because what Coburn says is reliable. He goes to headquarters for his information. There is no theoretical business in his books. When he wants information about a special subject he writes hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of letters to the men in the State who are actually doing the things about which he seeks information. Their replies constitute his report.

Secretary Coburn's Information Machine

MR. COBURN has no political machine, but he has a machine for collecting information about growing crops which is so perfect that markets rise and fall in response to its operation. Years of careful and constant revising and improvement have given Secretary Coburn a list of 1600 regular farmer-correspondents, comprising the leading farmers in every county of the State. Each farmer on this list understands his part. When he gets a reply postal-card from Mr. Coburn, asking him to fill out the blanks on the reply-card to show the condition of wheat, corn or oats on a certain specified date, he does the work honestly and quickly, and within a week Mr. Coburn is able to give the public the most accurate and reliable statement on crop-conditions that can possibly be secured.

Grain-buyers clamor for speedy information of the results when this machine which Coburn has made is at work. But there has never been a leak or scandal under Coburn's administration. He absolutely refuses to allow himself or any one connected with his office to act as correspondent for any outside concern. His crop-reports are placed in the hands of the local newspaper correspondents as soon as completed, and through them the news is flashed to the grain-markets of the world. Even the date

SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS
ABOUT THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT

when a report is to be produced is one of the office secrets. The meanest thing that Coburn's political enemies could think of to say about him is that, although he is eminently fitted for the place which he now holds, or even for the Agricultural Portfolio at Washington, he was, nevertheless, not the right kind of a man for a United States Senator. But Coburn had "made good" at every important undertaking during the sixty years of his life, and, had he decided to go to Washington, the vast majority of the people of Kansas might have rested in the serene confidence that Coburn would "make good" again. While he was still debating whether he would accept the appointment as Senator, he said to a friend:

"This is a problem I must settle for myself. I may make a wrong decision, but of this the people may rest assured: Coburn will be the man who decided it."

And that is the secret of the political opposition to Coburn. It may be disguised in various forms, but the real trouble with Mr. Coburn, from the politicians' standpoint, is that he insists upon the privilege of deciding things for himself. A look at Mr. Coburn's broad shoulders and erect frame, or a glance at his clean-cut jaw, clear gray eyes and somewhat bristling and combative mustache and chin-whiskers is sufficient to convince any one that F. D. Coburn is a man with a mind of his own.

As a worker he is prodigious; he says of himself that he believes in the eight-hour labor-law—eight hours in the forenoon and eight hours in the afternoon. He has no church affiliations, but admits that he might become either a Congregationalist, Unitarian or Universalist without much difficulty. He has served three terms as president of the State Temperance Union, and is always to be found on the side of public decency. Though a Republican, he maintains a spirit of independence which makes him ineligible to the hidebound class.

At his modest home in Topeka, to which he moved two years ago after a long residence in Kansas City, Kansas, he lives the simple life. His family is not "in society." Mr. and Mrs. Coburn have three children. One daughter is married and lives in Cedar Rapids, Iowa; one son is a physician in Kansas City; another daughter is at present with her parents in Topeka.

Why did Governor E. W. Hoch ask this man to take a place in the United States Senate when some of the Governor's own friends were pressing with the utmost vigor for the appointment? All sorts of motives are assigned to Hoch by the politicians, but the people are inclined to take him at his word—which was that he wanted Coburn for Senator because Coburn is aligned with no faction; because the Governor desired to promote harmony in the party; because Coburn is clean, honorable and popular with the people. He will be no less popular with them because he has declined the appointment. After all, they need this man Coburn at home—their State advertiser and "the most valuable citizen of Kansas."

Lost on Time Allowance

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S sense of security in the righteousness of his cause was a part of his personal equation long before he introduced his pure beef bill, and long before he went to the Senate.

While he was a young lawyer in Indianapolis, preparing himself to be a Senator, he assisted in entertaining a guest of his father-in-law for a week. One day he invited the guest to accompany him that evening to a suburban concert by a really good light-opera company, and called somewhat early after supper for the guest. This visitor happened to be immersed in the newer psychology, based upon brain-cells, as a corollary to his work in the faculty of a medical college.

Soon after Mr. Beveridge arrived at the home of his father-in-law he uttered the dictum that no great man could be born south of the fortieth parallel of latitude. The doctor disputed this dogma and argued about the effect of climate on body-cells in general and cerebral-cells in particular. Beveridge argued brilliantly and with a wonderful command of facts along a historical and biographical line. He instanced every great man in the history of the world born north of latitude forty, and explained the exceptions to the rule as being not so very great, or having a disputed birthplace. It was one of the most remarkable and most scholarly arguments he ever made, even in his later career. But his medical opponent knew little history and was long on histology, whereas Beveridge knew no more about the microscopic view of the brain than the doctor knew about the infancy of the world's achievers. The argument thus became two didactic essays.

Beveridge, however, put all his great force into his exposition of his theme and talked as strenuously as if he were trying to convince a supreme court in a vitally important case. Finally his guest closed his side with a sort of summing-up peroration, and Beveridge remarked:

"Well, I guess it's time to start to the summer theatre; it's pretty good music, and we ought to get there early."

Then he looked at his watch—and the hands pointed to half an hour before midnight. The talk had consumed over four hours!

The Hall of Fame

¶ President Roosevelt has four personal saddle horses. He rides them on alternate days.

¶ Colonel Henry P. McCain, attached to the staff of the Military Secretary, is the best golf player in the Army.

¶ Wallace Irwin, the poet, and Will Irwin, the writer, are twins, and look it. Each thinks the other is a genius, which is brotherly.

¶ Gaillard Hunt, chief of the passport division of the State Department, writes histories and biographies when he isn't busy writing passports.

¶ P. V. De Graw, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, is an expert telegraph operator. So is Robert J. Wynne, former Postmaster-General and now Consul-General to London.

¶ John E. Wilkie, chief of the Secret Service, should be, by rights, a most mysterious person. Instead, he looks like a prosperous broker, smokes a pipe, is president of the Columbia Golf Club, tells a good story and, when he isn't busy running down counterfeiters, struggles valiantly with Colonel Bogey—and usually loses, it may be remarked in passing.

Joseph Medill Patterson, A New Recruit to Socialism

Official Approval

AFTER a long absence, a fine steel engraving of the Prince Consort has appeared in the window of the stuffy little second-hand bookstore opposite the Peace Monument on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

This bookstore was a favorite stopping-place for Speaker Reed on his way to the Capitol. The man who runs the store is a queer old fellow who refuses to sell his books and refuses to let persons whom he does not like look at them, even. He apparently runs the store for his own amusement, for it is almost impossible to buy anything.

One morning Speaker Reed saw this engraving of the Prince Consort. He admired it and told the old man so. It was marked to sell at $1.50. The Speaker thought he might buy it, but did not. On his way down to his hotel he stopped again at the bookstore.

"Where's that engraving of the Prince Consort I saw this morning?" he asked.

"Oh, I put it away," the old man replied.

"Well, I guess I'll buy it. The price is $1.50, I believe."

"No, sir; the price is ten dollars."

"But it was only $1.50 this morning," Reed insisted.

"I know that," said the old man; "but, since this morning, it has been approved by the Speaker of the House of Representatives."

A Waste of Time

WHEN young Joseph Medill Patterson, of Chicago, son of the millionaire editor of the Chicago Tribune, resigned his office and went in boldly for Socialism, he talked with Roger Sullivan about it. Sullivan is one of the big men in the Ogden Gas Company and as far removed from Socialism as John D. Rockefeller.

"What do you think of it, Roger?" asked Patterson.

"Why," said Sullivan, "I think you could have done it much easier."

"Could have done what?" inquired Patterson.

"Attracted attention to yourself, of course. If you had gone down to the biggest jewelry store in town and thrown a cobblestone through the window you would have attained the same end without half the trouble."

A Freshman in the Senate

JUDGE BENSON—the Senator appointed by the Governor of Kansas to fill out the term of Senator Burton, who resigned—was sworn in a few minutes before Lincoln Breachy brought his airship over the Capitol, circled the dome and alighted in the plaza.

The arrival of the airship created great excitement even in the staid and dignified Senate. Most of the Senators went out to see it, leaving public business at a standstill. Senator Long, Judge Benson's colleague, passed Benson's desk on his way out.

"Judge," he said, "don't you want to go out and see the airship?"

"Now, see here, Long," exploded Benson, "I know I am from Kansas and I'm a Rube and this is my first day here, but I'll be gosh-hanged if I'm green enough to bite at anything like that!"

The End of Two Ambitions

FOR sixty years there has been in an Indiana college a self-perpetuating group of students devoted to the cultivation of ambition and the ideal. They are organized as a chapter of one of the leading college fraternities. Their relations with one another have always resulted in the acme of stimulation to hard work to win success. The effect of this coöperation is seen in the very long list of men of national fame whose names are on the rolls of this fraternity chapter at De Pauw.

One man, who was a part of this high-thinking group of students in the later seventies, was known to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the organization. He was recognized by the others as a sweet soul; but he dreamed too much like a poet and had too nearly the dress and manners of the exquisite. Frequently the others labored with him in brotherly spirit and in an effort to boost his standing in Greek and mathematics, for his marks were seldom up to the high standard maintained by this fraternity chapter. There was a constant slight sense of disappointment in him, and it was feared that he would settle down as city attorney of Marion, or in some such rut far below the ambitious stratum of success in which the others were all expected to live in after life.

This man from whom least was expected has made a greater success than any of the other seventeen students who used to worry about his future. He is Willis Vandevanter, formerly Chief Justice of Wyoming, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, admired by the President, once picked to fill a contemplated vacancy in the Cabinet which did not occur, and now on the bench of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth District, only a short step from the United States Supreme Court.

Chronologically just ahead of Vandevanter in this same chapter of ambitious youth was another man about whom there was not the least fear by his fellows. A brilliant future was marked out for him with much confidence. He did become a United States Senator. His name was Joseph Ralph Burton; he went to Kansas; and lately Willis Vandevanter pronounced the sentence that he should be confined for a term of years in jail.

F. D. Coburn's Residence in Topeka

A PLUTOCRAT IN HOMESPUN

By WILL PAYNE

DANVILLE, Illinois, lies one hundred and twenty-five miles due south of Chicago, close to the Indiana State-line and to rich fields of bituminous coal. It has a Carnegie library, fine public schools, good brick pavements, an excellent street-car service, a modern office building six stories high, and a moral Coney Island where one may contemplate the bearded lady or shoot the chutes without risking a contact with anything more insidious than red pop. These and kindred local facts are foremost in the minds of the twenty-odd thousand busy and happy inhabitants when they think of their city. But to the world at large, of course, Danville is known simply as the home of Speaker Cannon.

A noted man brings his home town on the national stage as a mere tag to his own fame. On the other hand, the home town views the noted man simply as one of its leading citizens, in no essential way different from the leading lawyer around the corner whose name is unknown fifty miles away. No Speaker can count a quorum in his Danville unless it is there. His neighbors judge him by the merely personal, homely virtues which there is slight opportunity to display in the greater field, or, haply, by little failings that the great audience does not see.

Speaker Cannon at Breakfast with His Daughter

The Speaker, without doubt, stands before the nation as the greatest living exemplar of what may be called the rail-splitting statesman—the type forever endeared to the nation by Lincoln. And, in contrasting the home view of him with the national view, the first surprise arises from the fact that, at home, Mr. Cannon is accounted a man of large possessions; indeed, one of the richest citizens of a district which has produced a goodly number of very respectable fortunes. The Danville estimate of his wealth runs from a million dollars up—which, of course, is a pretty sharp divergence from the original rail-splitting tradition.

It ought to be said in the beginning that "Uncle Joe" has represented the district that contains Danville in the national legislature for thirty-four consecutive years, with the exception of one two-year interval. He has had plenty of political and personal enemies, and many a bitterly-contested fight for his seat. Yet I believe that in all his campaigns no charge of monetary dishonesty was ever brought against him. Even when the fight was hottest, the opposition papers did not ask where he got it.

There was no need. Everybody knew. And the process, however little it was consonant with the popular ideal of a Lincolnesque statesmanship, gave no vantage-ground for personal attack.

Regarding it in the lump, this seems no mean achievement—to spend practically forty-five years in the public service, thirty-two of them as a member of the House of Representatives with the modest stipend attaching to that office: consistently to maintain, on the national field, an attitude of pioneer simplicity; yet the while to grow exceedingly rich at home without scandal. It amounts really to a considerable feat in politics. Personally, I think the many official and authorized biographies of the Speaker make a capital mistake in not saying a word about it.

Joseph in Egypt

THE official biographies show that Joseph G. Cannon was born in Guilford, North Carolina, May 7, 1836; that his father soon moved to the banks of the Wabash in Parke County, Indiana; that, when he was fourteen, his father died. The family was very poor. The boy "clerked" in a country store; studied law at home, then at Terre Haute, where he was admitted to the bar in 1858. The young lawyer went over to Illinois, looked about Shelbyville a little, then located in Tuscola, some thirty miles below Danville. A wealth of Lincolniana has made the whole reading public pretty familiar with the Illinois bar and courts at that period. Admissions to the bar were tolerably easy; a pioneer atmosphere still persisted.

Tuscola was then, and still is, one of the smaller country towns. When young Cannon settled there it was in crying need of some statesmanship of a practical order. Douglas County—one of the last in the State to be established—had but recently been organized, and there was a red-hot three-cornered fight on for the county-seat. Conservative persons say that a very full vote was polled. Others say the vote was so full that it spilled over the legal number of electors on all sides. At any rate, Tuscola won.

The war was coming on, with its disrupting influence on local politics. Within two years after settling in Tuscola Mr. Cannon was elected State's attorney. About that time, or somewhat before, he was joined by his brother, William P., who was five years younger than himself, and who was destined to play a highly important part in his subsequent fortunes. The younger brother appears to have stayed on in the Wabash bottoms, where he was born, until, approaching his majority, he found the outlook there not inviting, and so went over to Illinois where Joe was beginning, a little, to get on.

William the Conqueror

THE legend is that William came on his proper, bare feet and did not, at first view, look promising. Even in his later life he was a man of singular appearance an albino, with almost white hair and strange "dancing" eyes. The eyes were so afflicted, also, that reading was difficult. At Danville he wore a pair of powerful spectacles, and, when he would read, held a magnifying-glass before them.

People are naturally impressed with the activities which touch them most nearly; so at Danville they still speak of William P. as the genius of the family. In a local history, prepared in 1879, many successful grocers and candlestick-makers intervene between the biography of William P. Cannon, the bank president and magnate, and that of Joseph G., Congressman and Brother William's partner.

However, in the early Tuscola days, Joseph took William into his law-office, and the younger brother gained admission to the bar the year after the elder took the office of State's attorney. At that time the State's attorney's jurisdiction extended over the judicial district. He rode the circuit with the judge. Moreover, it was a "fee" office, the incumbent taking fees and fines as his emolument. As an old neighbor phrased it: "It was war times; the passions of men were excited; so the State's attorney had a good deal of work, and the office made a pretty good income."

William P.'s talents were not for the law. He was decidedly a business man. One hears, about the time he was twenty-one, of his engineering a small deal in corn—no gambling transaction on the Board of Trade; but a purchase of the long, yellow ears out of farmers' wagons, storing them in a crib and holding on until the war sent prices upward.

Tuscola, having secured the county-seat, gave promise of expansion. The brothers got a small tract of land adjacent to town, made an "addition" of it and sold the lots profitably. Meanwhile, the State's attorney's office was bringing in fees. They lived simply and thriftily. It would have been strange, under such conditions, especially considering William's youthful, but eager, talent for a good trade, if they had not begun to accumulate a nest-egg. In 1865, I am told, they were able to muster $7000—gained by thrift and good judgment, operating in a new country under favorable conditions. William P. then organized a private bank in Tuscola, with Joseph as a partner. The same year Joseph was reëlected State's attorney, the term being four years.

It is notorious that capital, judiciously employed, multiplies rapidly in a new country where it is scarce and commands a correspondingly high price. Two per cent. a month was an ordinary rate of interest thereabouts at that time. This, however, did not always preclude extraordinary rates. Sometimes, when a banker "shaved" a note, it was difficult to tell which was note and which was shavings. The little institution at Tuscola throve under William's able management, and in 1870 he reorganized it as the First National Bank.

In going to Tuscola and getting elected State's attorney, Joseph had had almost a new county to deal with. In 1872 there was practically a new Congressional district, and Joseph stood for Congress. His practice as State's attorney had given him a large acquaintance, and he was elected, thus beginning his career on the national theatre.

William P., for his part, was also looking for a wider field. About the time the elder brother took his seat at Washington, the younger moved to Danville, then a very promising town of some five thousand inhabitants. The nest-egg, duly fructified by thrift and sound business judgment, with the incidental advantages of high interest and open opportunities, had then hatched into the sizable fortune of $100,000, with which the firm of William P. and Joseph G. Cannon opened a bank at Danville, under the style, Vermilion County Bank. Thus the firm prospered equally in both its business and political activities. But its success in the former came pretty near to undoing it in the latter. For the next year the "grange" heresies swept over the Western prairies—very much as Populism did farther West at a later period.

The "Grangers" would have none of Joseph G. They pointed out that he was a banker and plutocrat. They nominated a man of their own, whom the Democrats indorsed. The campaign was hot; the election very close. Mr. Cannon was reëlected by a narrow margin. Persons who ought to know say he would have been defeated, but in Danville there were some Democrats of substance, safe and sane business men, who had no sympathy with the Grange ideals. They worked for Cannon, the Republican, and brought him through. History repeats itself.

Cannon to Right of Them

SO JOSEPH went back to Congress and William ran the bank. At that time the leading financial institution in Danville was the First National, which had succeeded a private institution that dated back to 1856 and had been one of the first concerns in the country to organize under a national charter. The president of the First National was Joseph G. English. It was the old, solid, highly-respectable citadel of the town's business interests, and had had things pretty much its own way. That did not at all suit the active genius of William P., who was decidedly out for business himself. The First National gentlemen, on their part, were naturally indignant when the Cannon concern began to take public deposits away from them.

The two banks were presently engaged in a fierce rivalry, which grew apace and developed into a sort of politico-financial feud that rent the two in twain. The dividing line between the First National faction and the Cannon faction ran pretty nearly everywhere, turning up in all sorts of unexpected places. The complaint of the First National crowd was that the restless William P. persisted in using the Cannon political organization to drag business into the Cannon bank. Township and school-district treasurers, county officials and constables—everybody, they said, who was at all amenable to political discipline, was made to plug for the bank, which was presently organized under a Federal charter as the Second National. The two banks, or factions, fought over the election of petty custodians of public funds, which funds were deposited in the one institution or the other, according to which won.

As a general rule, with many particular exceptions, the Cannon bank seems to have won; and they say in Danville now that, although he never sought the lime-light of

politics, yet, when it came to constructing and operating political machinery, William P. had abilities of a high order. The elder brother himself moved to Danville in 1876, and came within an ace of being defeated for Congress by General John C. Black. The same Democratic soldier-statesman gave him an uncomfortably close run eight years later. Yet he pulled through, and was steadily increasing that important political capital which comes to an intelligent, hard-working man through length of service in Congress. He had early found a place on the Postal Committee of the House and, by sheer diligence, made himself master of its business. It is related that, when he was a new member, he called upon the Speaker, who, with ironical intentions, asked him if he would like the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations.

"No, sir," said the young member; "I represent an agricultural district. The only business of the general government which directly touches the body of my constituents is the postal service. I would like a place on that committee, for I think I can best serve my people by acquainting myself with post-office affairs."

Of course, his enemies say that, by beginning thus early, he acquired a skill in the judicious distribution of post-offices which is rivaled by few and excelled by none. But the fact is that the future Speaker was making his way in Congress by hard work—while a majority of his colleagues were sadly inclined to loaf.

But the unhappy dissensions at home were continuing. As Danville grew, some leading citizens installed a little horse-car—or, more strictly, mule-car—line. William P. first took a small interest in it; then realized its possibilities and bought control. He secured a perpetual gas franchise from the City Council and started an illuminating plant. Later, he got a ninety-nine-year franchise for an electric-lighting company and developed that. There was considerable strife along the way, however.

Among the business men of Danville who were not of the Cannon faction was John Beard, a grocer, and an old-line Democrat. Mr. Beard was born in Brooklyn of Irish parentage—a short, slight, smooth-faced man with the look of a firm character. His friends say that his courage is dauntless, his integrity unimpeachable. They do not say that he has any temperamental aversion to a good, lively fight. He ran for mayor of Danville six times and was elected three times, although the city is normally Republican.

In one of Mayor Beard's administrations the question of street paving came up. The city had outgrown dirt roads. The Cannon street railway was to change from mule to electric propulsion, and was required to pave the space between its tracks in conformity with the new street improvements. This it was willing to do; but there was a difference of opinion as to the method. Mayor Beard's administration insisted upon a highly substantial and correspondingly expensive method. The street railway thought a much less expensive style of paving would answer all practical purposes, and went ahead on that theory—until, one midnight, the mayor turned out with a battalion of city workmen and a battery of wagons and proceeded to tear up the tracks. The street railway got an injunction, and the matter was finally settled.

This is the only time, I believe, when Joseph G took a really active and open part in behalf of the Cannon business enterprises. He had more leisure just then, having suffered his first and only defeat. In 1890 he went down in that awful slaughter of Republican Congressmen which followed the passage of the McKinley tariff bill. His successful opponent was a wealthy banker, and Cannon adherents are still shocked at the way money was used on the winning side in that campaign.

When the next Congressional campaign, that of 1892, came around, a rather peculiar condition confronted the district. It had been twenty years before that Mr. Cannon was first elected to represent it in Congress. During these twoscore years, especially with the politico-business feud in Danville itself, there seems to have grown up about as large and varied an assortment of sores and animosities as ever a peacefully-inclined district was blessed with. Certain men of light and leading in Republican councils thought something ought to be done to clear away this undesirable accumulation and start a new dispensation. Mr. Cannon, after having served eighteen years, had been defeated in the previous campaign. As nearly as I am able to determine, the upshot of the councils was a general agreement to give Mr. Cannon another term as a kind of complimentary rounding-out of his Congressional career, with a tacit idea that a new man could then be taken up and the old scores forgotten. Mr. Cannon was elected by a handsome majority, and it is certain that some, at least, of the Republican lieutenants thought it was for the last time.

Uncle Joe After the Day's Work

But before that term expired the State was redistricted—one of those rearrangements of the political map which the party in opposition is sure to call a gerrymander, no matter how fair it is. As a result of this redistricting Mr. Cannon was given, largely, a new constituency. That is, Vermilion County, containing Danville, was the only county of the old district which was also in the new. Mr. Cannon at that time enjoyed the prestige of long service in Congress and of the chairmanship of the great Committee on Appropriations. He was called the "Father of the House" and the "Watch-Dog of the Treasury"—both excellent terms for campaign use. He was easily re-elected from the new district in 1894. And—as runs throughout the story—while he was building up his position in Congress, William P. was by no means idle at his task of pushing the financial interests of the family.

By that time the street railroad, the gas plant and the electric-lighting concern had been consolidated in the Danville Gas, Electric Light and Street Railway Company, having $250,000 capital stock and, apparently, a flourishing business. At any rate, the electric-light plant got a dollar a month for sixteen-candle-power incandescent lamps and nine to ten dollars for arc. Some people thought these prices too high.

Competition appeared in this wise. There was in Danville a miller named Henry Brand, who had long been a patron of the First National Bank—the Messrs. Cannon's foe. Along in 1894 the mill burned, leaving, however, the foundations and boiler-house. Mr. Brand thought the electric-light business a promising field. The First National people evidently agreed with him. So the former miller got a franchise, installed a plant on the site of his mill, and started out for business.

The guiding genius of the Danville Gas, Electric Light and Street Railway Company was not the man to sit supinely by and see business slip away. In a very short time the price of incandescent lights fell from one dollar a month to twenty-five cents, of arc from nine or ten dollars to three dollars—which schedule, Mr. Brand testified, would hardly pay for the coal he burned. He borrowed money from his friends of the First National Bank until he owed them, altogether, some sixteen thousand dollars. This ran on for some months.

William P. Cannon, meanwhile, was by no means insensible to the economic folly of selling lights for less than they cost. One Sunday in July, 1895, he had a talk with Charles L. English, vice-president and active manager of the First National. Mr. English's testimony, in condensed form, runs as follows:

"Mr. Cannon wanted to know if there wasn't some way in which Mr. Brand could be gotten rid of; said the First National really owned the plant; that Brand had but little equity in it; that neither concern was making money, as it cost twenty-five cents for the lights; that, were it not for their contract with the city, they would be losing money; said if I could take the Brand plant, or get control of it, we could combine and put it all on a paying basis."

They came to no agreement, however. A little later, early in August, Vice-President English wished to take a month's trip through the West. He called in Mr. Brand and told the ex-miller that he must give the bank a mortgage on the electric-light plant to secure his indebtedness to it. Mr. Brand objected that he was buying supplies for the plant and, if a mortgage were put on record, it would ruin his credit. So Mr. English agreed not to record the mortgage. On the forenoon of August 8, Mr. Brand and his wife duly executed a mortgage on the plant, in favor of Charles L. English as trustee, to secure payment of the $16,000 that Brand owed the bank. That afternoon Mr. English left on his Western trip.

Mr. Brand, it appears, rather brooded upon his unstable financial position, his electric-light plant being unprofitable and the bank holding an unrecorded mortgage on it. About two o'clock the next afternoon, August 9, "I went," he says, "up to Mr. Gilmore's place on Jackson Street and told Mr. Gilmore I wanted to see Mr. Cannon." Mr. Gilmore telephoned, and Mr. Cannon came over. Mr. Brand represented his unsatisfactory plight. He says in his testimony:

"I stated a fair question to him. I said: 'Mr. Cannon, how much will you pay me to shut down my plant?'"

Mr. Cannon desired advice in the premises, and sought it of William J. Calhoun, then a leading lawyer of Danville and one whose good faith could be questioned by neither side. Mr. Calhoun's advice was that, as Mr. Cannon was aware of the unrecorded mortgage to the bank, if he bought the plant he must assume payment of the mortgage. So Mr. Cannon returned to Mr. Brand and informed him that he could not buy the plant himself; but he undertook to find somebody who would buy it—and he did, in fact, quite promptly discover a purchaser in the person of Mr. Frank Lindley, of the law firm of Penwell and Lindley. This law firm were the attorneys for the Second National Bank; also, Mr. Penwell, of the firm, was president of the Danville Gas, Electric Light and Street Railway Company.

The afternoon had worn away and it was about eight o'clock in the evening when Mr. Lindley, accompanied by Mr. Samuel, cashier of the Second National, drove to Mr. Brand's house. They had a deed, conveying the electric-light plant to Lindley, which Brand and wife executed. Mr. Lindley and Mr. Samuel then drove to the home of the Recorder of Deeds. That official went to the courthouse with them and Mr. Lindley examined the records—which, of course, showed no mortgage on the plant to the First National. Mr. Brand came in. Mr. Lindley then filed for record the deed transferring the plant to himself, thereby cutting out the unrecorded mortgage to the First National—as he subsequently swore that he was an innocent purchaser without knowledge of the existence of this mortgage. At the same time he handed over to Mr. Brand the stipulated purchase price—$12,500—in the form of a certificate of deposit issued by the Second National Bank. Mr. Samuel testified that the certificate was issued as an accommodation credit, or overdraft, to Mr. Lindley. Mr. Brand at once took Mr. Lindley to the electric-light plant and introduced him to the manager as the new owner.

Naturally there was a commotion in the First National camp when these transactions became known. But the vice-president and active manager was away and nothing in particular seems to have been done about it just then. Three weeks later Mr. Lindley sold the plant to Mr. Cannon's Danville Gas,

Uncle Joe's House at Danville

Electric Light and Street Railway Company, which closed it down and took out the machinery. Also, the price of electric-lights advanced. Mr. Brand had left town two days after the transfer to Lindley, and was enjoying himself in piscatorial pastimes at Put-in-Bay. He seems to have been a rather unfortunate, or inept, person, however. Agents of the law overhauled him there and took him back to Danville, where he was cast into jail. He languished several weeks; then raised $6500—part of the purchase price of his plant from Mr. Lindley—and turned it over to the First National, and was released from durance upon payment of a fine. Vice-President English returned meanwhile, and the First National began suit against the Danville Gas, Electric Light and Street Railway Company.

A famous litigation followed. It was contended that Lindley was an innocent purchaser; that the money Brand had paid to the bank prior to his release from jail was, in fact, a compromise and settlement of his indebtedness; and the lawyers on both sides found plenty of other arguments. The Master in Chancery found in favor of the defendants (Lindley and the Cannon concern), the Circuit Court reversed this and found in favor of the First National, and the Supreme Court reversed that and found in favor of the defendants. All of which, naturally, did not tend to soften the sentiments of the opposition faction.

William P. Cannon, it should be said, insisted that in going to Mr. Lindley he acted simply as Mr. Brand's agent, Mr. Brand having asked him to find a purchaser for the plant; that there was no agreement or understanding that the Danville Gas, Electric Light and Street Railway Company should afterward buy the plant from Lindley; that Lindley was not his attorney, but the Second National Bank's attorney; that he did not, as Mr. Brand had alleged, say that it was a good chance for him to get even with the Englishes, or that, if he lived a hundred years, he never could play them a dirtier trick. In negotiating the sale for Mr. Brand he acted without commission or compensation; but he observed: "I am quite a good Samaritan and volunteer my help frequently."

It should also be said that Joseph G. Cannon had nothing whatever to do with the transaction. Not even his enemies accuse him of knowledge of it. And this is exactly why the opposition papers do not ask where the Speaker got his comfortable fortune. They know William P.'s talents for finance, and to them the wealth of his partner and elder brother explains itself. The stock-ledgers

William P. Cannon

of the Danville Gas, Electric Light and Street Railway Company and also of the Second National Bank were overhauled in the Brand litigation. At that time, out of 2500 shares of the former ($250,000 par) William P. Cannon held 835 shares; Joseph G. 472, or a majority between them. Some five years ago the Cannons sold the concern. It has since been somewhat extended, and is now capitalized at $1,300,000. Of the one thousand shares ($100,000 par) of the Second National Bank, William P. Cannon held 510 shares and Joseph G. 440 shares. The bank now has a capital and surplus of $200,000. Mr. Cannon's son-in-law is president of another bank, the Danville National, with $100,000 capital.

The Second National is well located, strategetically, in the basement of the courthouse, which is built around one corner of the town square. The Danville National is diagonally across. The Palmer National (Mr. Wolford, its president, was once manager of the Cannon branch bank at Arcola, near Tuscola) occupies a third corner, and the First National, the old stronghold of the anti-Cannon faction, is on the fourth corner.

Though these institutions thus keep an eye upon one another, time has mellowed the old animosities. William P. Cannon died some four years ago, the result of a fall. Joseph G. has advanced to the great office of the Speakership, which, to a degree, sets him above local politics. Moreover, he has passed beyond his seventieth year. When he came home as Speaker there was a grand demonstration in his honor, and his old-time opponent, ex-Mayor John Beard, marched at the head of the procession. Mr. Beard —now down in the city directory as "Grocer, ice-dealer and proprietor of the Danville Press"—is himself growing old, and wishes, most of all, to be a good Indian and let bygones be bygones. He merely smiles and shakes his head when the old contentions are mentioned. Joseph G. English, the old-time president of the First National, is in the vale of years, and mostly retired from active affairs. The Speaker's own generation is passing. To the young men, the representative in Congress is a kind of inherited institution which they are not disposed to disturb. Naturally, moreover, trusty Cannon men occupy all points of vantage.

The city profits by that monument of the Speaker's statesmanship, the Soldiers' Home, which was established in accordance with his bill some eight years ago. This extensive institution, occupying 325 acres adjacent to town and costing $1,250,000, harbors about 2500 veterans. The votes of these veterans constitute a comfortable little nest-egg in Congressional primaries and elections; but that does not matter now. They naturally regard Mr. Cannon in the light of a benefactor, and the official souvenir of the Home contains this eloquent characterization of him:

"His every fibre is of tough oak, fit for the keel of Old Ironsides; he is one of the tallest and grandest of American statesmen, and belongs to the Lincoln type of man by birth, education and sentiment."

Mr. Cannon certainly far excels the great Emancipator in a thrifty business sense, and had the decided advantage over him of possessing a brother with a genius for high finance of very respectable proportions. On the other hand, he has advanced to the Speakership by dint of long service and diligent application to detail, and his guiding

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THE FIGHTING CHANCE

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE, ETC.

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ABOUT four o'clock on the following afternoon Mrs. Mortimer's maid, who had almost finished drying and dressing her mistress' hair, was called to the door by a persistent knocking, which at first she had been bidden to disregard.

It was Mortimer's man, desiring to know whether Mrs. Mortimer could receive Mr. Mortimer at once on matters of importance.

"No," said Leila petulantly. "Tell Mullins to say that I cannot see anybody," and catching a glimpse of the shadowy Mullins dodging about the dusky corridor: "What is the matter? Is Mr. Mortimer ill?"

But Mullins could not say what the matter might be, and he went away, only to return in a few moments bearing a scratchy note from his master, badly blotted and still wet; and Leila, with a shrug of resignation, took the blotched scrawl daintily between thumb and forefinger and unfolded it. Behind her, the maid, twisting up the masses of dark, fragrant hair, read the note very easily over her mistress' shoulder. It ran, without preliminaries:

I'm going to talk to you, whether you like it or not. Do you understand that? If you want to know what's the matter with me, you'll find out fast enough. Fire that French girl out before I arrive.

She closed the note thoughtfully, folding and double-folding it into a thick wad. The ink had come off, discoloring her finger-tips; she dropped the soiled paper on the floor, and held out her hands, plump fingers spread. And when the maid had finished removing the stains and had repolished the pretty hands, her mistress sipped her chocolate thoughtfully, nibbled a bit of dry toast, then motioned the maid to take the tray and her departure, leaving her the cup.

A few minutes later Mortimer came in, stood a moment blinking around the room, then dropped into a seat, sullen, inert, the folds of his chin crowded out on his collar, his heavy abdomen cradled on his short, thick legs. He had been freshly shaved; linen and clothing were spotless, yet the man looked unclean.

Save for the network of purple veins in his face, there was no color there, none in his lips; even his flabby hands were the hue of clay.

"Are you ill?" asked his wife coolly.

"No, not very. I've got the jumps. What's that? Tea? Ugh! it's chocolate. Push it out of sight, will you? I can smell it."

Leila set the delicate cup on a table behind her.

"What time did you return this morning?" she asked, stifling a yawn.

"I don't know; about five or six. How the devil should I know what time I came in?"

Sitting there before the mirror of her dresser she stole a second glance at his marred features in the glass. The loose mouth, the smeared eyes, the palsy-like tremors that twitched the hands where they tightened on the arms of his chair, became repulsive to the verge of fascination. She tried to look away, but could not.

"You had better see Doctor Grisby," she managed to say.

"I'd better see *you*; that's what I'd better do," he retorted thickly. "You'll do all the doctoring I want. And I want it, all right."

"Very well. What is it?"

He passed his swollen hand across his forehead.

"What is it?" he repeated. "It's the limit, this time, if you want to know. I'm all in."

"Roulette?" raising her eyebrows without interest.

"Yes, roulette, too. Everything! They got me upstairs at Burbank's. The game's crooked! Every box, every case, every wheel, every pack is crooked! Crooked! Crooked!" he burst out in a fever, struggling to sit upright, his hands always tightening on the arms of the chair. "It's nothing but a creeping joint, run by a bunch of handshakers! I—I'll ——"

Stuttering, choking, stammering imprecations, his hoarse clamor died away after a while. She sat there, head bent, silent, impassive, acquiescent under the physical and mental strain to which she had never become thoroughly hardened. How many such scenes had she witnessed! She could not count them. They differed very little in detail, and not at all in their ultimate object, which was to get what money she had. This was his method of reimbursing himself for his losses.

He made an end to his outburst after a while. Only his dreadful fat breathing now filled the silence; and supposing he had finished she found her voice with an effort:

"I am sorry. It comes at a bad time, as you know ——"

"A bad time!" he broke out violently. "How can it come at any other sort of time? With us, all times are bad. If this is worse than the average it can't be helped. We are in it for keeps this time!"

"*We?*"

"Yes, *we!*" he repeated; but his face had grown ghastly, and his uncertain eyes were fastened on hers in the mirror.

"What do you mean—exactly?" she asked, turning from the dresser to confront him.

He made no effort to answer; an expression of dull fright was growing on his visage, as though for the first time he had begun to realize what had happened.

She saw it, and her heart quickened, but she spoke disdainfully: "Well, I am ready to listen—as usual. How much do you want?"

He made no sign; his lower lip hung loose; his eyes blinked at her.

"What is it?" she repeated. "What have you been doing? How much have you lost? You can't have lost very much; we hadn't much to lose. If you have given your note to any of those gamblers, it is a shame—a shame. Leroy, look at me! You promised me, on your honor, never to do that again. Have you lied, after all the times I have helped you out, stripped myself, denied myself, put off tradesmen, faced down creditors? After all I have done, do you dare come here and ask for more—ask for what I have not got—with not one bill settled, not one servant paid since December ——"

"Leila, I I've got—to tell you ——"

"What?" she demanded, appalled by the change in his face. If he was overdoing it, he was overdoing it realistically enough.

"I—I've used Plank's check!" he mumbled and moistened his lips with his tongue.

She stared back at him, striving to comprehend. "Plank's!" she repeated slowly. "Plank's check? What check? What do you mean?"

"The one he gave you last night. I've used that. Now you know!"

"The one he—— But you couldn't! How could you? It was not filled in."

"I filled it."

Her dawning horror was reacting on him, as it always did, like a fierce tonic; and his own courage came back in a sort of sullen desperation.

"*You!* . . . You are trying to frighten me, Leroy," she stammered. "You are trying to make me do something—give you what you want—force me to give you what you want! You can't frighten me. The check was made out to me—to *my* order. How could you have used it if I had not indorsed it?"

"I indorsed it. Do you understand that!" he said savagely.

"No, I don't; because, if you did, it's forgery."

"I don't care what you think it is!" he broke in fiercely. "All I'm worried over is what Plank will think. I didn't mean to do it; I didn't dream of doing it; but when Burbank cleaned me up I fished about, and that cursed check came tumbling out!"

In the rising excitement of self-defense the color was coming back into his battered face; he sat up straighter in his chair, and, grasping the upholstered arms, leaned forward, speaking more distinctly and with increasing vigor and anger

"When I saw that check in my hands I thought I'd use it temporarily—merely as moral collateral to flash at Burbank—something to back my I. O. U.'s. So I filled it in."

"For how much?" she asked, not daring to believe him; but he ignored the question and went on:

"I filled it and indorsed it, and——"

"How could you indorse it?" she interrupted coolly, now unconvinced again and suspicious.

"I'll tell you if you'll stop that fool tongue a moment. The check was made to 'L. Mortimer,' wasn't it? So I wrote 'L. Mortimer' on the back. Now do you know? If you are L. Mortimer, so am I. Leila begins with L; so does Leroy, doesn't it? I didn't imitate your two-words-to-a-page autograph. I put my own fist to a check made out to one L. Mortimer; and I don't care what you think about it as long as Plank can stand it. Now put up your nose and howl, if you like."

But under her sudden pallor he was taking fright again, and he began to bolster up his courage with bluster and noise, as usual:

"Howl all you like!" he jeered. "It won't alter matters or square accounts with Plank. What are you staring at? Do you suppose I'm not sorry? Do you fancy I don't know what a fool I've been? What are you turning white for?"

"How much have you——" She choked, then, resolutely: "How much have you—*taken?*"

"Taken!" he broke out with an oath. "What do you mean? I've borrowed about twenty thousand dollars. Now yelp! Eh? What?—No yelps? Probably some weeps, then. Turn 'em on and run dry; I'll wait." And he managed to cross one bulky leg over the other and lean back, affecting resignation, while Leila, bolt upright in her low chair, every curved outline rigid under the flowing silken wrap, stared at him as though stunned.

"Well, we're good for it, aren't we?" he said threateningly. "If he's going to turn ugly about it, here's the house."

"My—house?"

"Yes, your house! I suppose you'd rather raise something on the house than have the thing come out in the papers."

"Do you think so?" she asked, staring into his bloodshot eyes.

"Yes, I do."

"You are wrong."

"You mean that you are not inclined to stand by me?" he demanded.

"Yes, I mean that."

"You don't intend to help me out?"

"I do not intend to—not this time."

He began to show his big teeth, and that nervous snickering "tick" twitched his upper lip.

"How about the courts?" he sneered. "Do you want to figure in them with Plank?"

"I don't want to," she said steadily, "but you cannot frighten me any more by that threat."

"Oh! Can't frighten you! Perhaps you think you'll marry Plank when I get a decree? Do you? Well, you won't for several reasons; first, because I'll name other corespondents and that will make Plank sick; second, because Plank wants to marry somebody else and I'm able to assist him. So where do you come out in the shuffle?"

"I don't know," she said, under her breath, and rested her head against the back of the chair, as though suddenly tired.

"Well, I know. You'll come out smirched, and you know it," said Mortimer, gazing intently at her. "Look here, Leila; I didn't come here to threaten you. I'm no blackmailer; I'm no criminal. I'm simply a decent sort of a man, who is pretty badly scared over what he's done in a moment of temptation. You know I had no thought of anything except to borrow enough on my I. O. U.'s to make a killing at Burbank's. I had to show them something big, so I filled in that check, not meaning to use it; and before I knew it I'd indorsed it, and was plunging against it. Then they stacked everything on me—and if I had not been in the condition I was in I'd have stopped payment. But it was too late when I realized what I was up against. Leila, you know I'm not a bad man at heart. Can't you help a fellow?"

His manner, completely changed, had become the resentful and fretful appeal of the victim of plot and circumstance. All the savage brutality had been eliminated; the sneer, the truculent attempts to browbeat, the pitiful swagger, the cynical justification—all were gone. It was really the man himself now, normally scared and repentant; the frightened, overfed pensioner on his wife's bounty, not the human beast maddened by fear and dissipation, half-stunned, half-panic-stricken, driven by sheer terror into a rôle which even he shrank from—had shrunk from all these years. For, leech and parasite that he was, Mortimer, however much the dirty acquisition of money might tempt him in theory, had not yet brought himself to the point of attempting the practice, even when in sorest straits and bitterest need. He didn't want to do it; he wished to get along without it, partly because of native inertia and an aversion to the mental nimbleness that he would be required to show as a lawbreaker, partly because the word "blackmail" stood for what he did not dare suggest that he had come to, even to himself. His distaste was genuine; there were certain things which he didn't want to commit, and extortion was one of them. He could, at a pinch, lie to his wife, or try to scare her into giving him money; he could, when necessary, "borrow" from such men as Plank; but he had never cheated at cards, and he had never attempted to blackmail anybody except his wife—which, of course, was purely a family matter, and concerned nobody else.

Now he was attempting it again, with more sincerity, energy and determination than he ever before had been forced to display. Even in his most profane violence the rage and panic were only partly real. He was, it is true, genuinely scared, and horribly shaken physically, but he had counted on violence, and he stimulated his own emotions and made them serve him, knowing all the while that in the reaction his ends would be accomplished, as usual. This policy of alternately frightening, dragooning and supplicating Leila had carried him so far; and though it was true that this was a more serious situation than he had ever yet faced, he was convinced that his wife would pull him out somehow; and how that was to be accomplished he did not very much care, so long as he was pulled out safely.

"What this household requires," he said, "is economy." He spread his legs, denting the Aubusson carpet with his boot-heels, and glanced askance at his wife. "Economy," he repeated, furtively wetting his lips with a heavily-coated tongue; "that's the true solution: economical administration in domestic matters. Retrenchment, Leila! retrenchment! Fewer folderols. I've a notion to give up that farm, and stop trying to breed those fool sheep. They cost a thousand apiece, and do you know what I got for those six I sent to Westbury? Just twelve hundred dollars from Fleetwood—the bargaining shopkeeper! Twelve hundred! Think of that! And along comes Granby and sells a single ram for six thousand plunks!"

Leila's head was lowered. He could not see her expression, but he had always been confident of his ability to talk himself out of trouble, so he rambled on in pretense of camaraderie, currying favor, as he believed, ingratiating himself with the coarse bluntness that served him among some men, even among some women.

"We'll fix it somehow," he said reassuringly; "don't you worry, Leila. I've confidence in you, little girl! You've got me out of sticky messes before, eh? Well, we've weathered a few, haven't we?"

Even the horrible parody on wedded loyalty left her silent, unmoved, dark eyes brooding; and he began to grow a little restless and anxious as his jocularity increased without a movement in either response or aversion from his wife.

"You needn't be scared, if I'm not," he said reproachfully. "The house is worth two hundred and fifty thousand, and there's only fifty on it now. If that fat, Dutch skinflint, Plank, shows his tusks, we can clap on another fifty." And as she made no sound or movement in reply: "So far as Plank goes, haven't I done enough for him to square it? What have we ever got out of him, except a thousand or two now and then when the cards went against me? If I took it, it was practically what he owes me. And if he thinks it's too much—look here, Leila! I've a trick up my sleeve. I can make good any time I wish to. I'm in a position to marry that man to the girl he's mad about—stark, raving mad."

Mrs. Mortimer slowly raised her head and looked at her husband.

"Leroy, are *you* mad?"

"I? Not much!" he exclaimed gleefully. "I can make him the husband of the most-run-after girl in New York—if I want to. And at the same time I can puncture the most arrogant, the most cold-blooded, selfish, purse-proud, inflated nincompoop that ever sat at the head of a directors' table. O-ho! Now you're staring, Leila. I can do it; I can make good. What are you worrying about? Why, I've got a hundred ways to square that check, and each separate way is a winner."

He rose, shook out the creases in his trousers, and adjusted the squat gold fob which ornamented his protruding waistcoat.

"So you'll fix it, won't you, Leila?" he said, apparently oblivious that he had expressed himself as able to adjust the matter in one hundred equally edifying and satisfactory manners.

She did not answer. He lingered a moment at the door, looking back with an ingratiating leer; but she paid him no attention, and he took himself off, confident that her sulkiness could not result in anything unpleasant to anybody except herself.

Nor did it, as far as he could see. The days brought no noticeable change in his wife's demeanor toward him. Plank, when he met him, was civil enough, though it did occur to Mortimer that he saw very little of Plank in these days.

"Ungrateful beggar!" he thought bitterly; "he's toadying to Belwether now. I can't do anything more for him, so I don't interest him."

And for a while he wore a truculent, aggrieved air in Plank's presence, or the meeker demeanor of a martyr, sentimentally misunderstood, but patient under the affliction.

Then there came a time when he needed money. During the few days he spent circling tentatively and apprehensively around his wife he learned enough to know that there was nothing to be had from her at present. No doubt the money she raised to placate Plank—if she had placated him in that fashion—was a strain on her resources, whatever those resources were.

One thing was certain: Plank had not remained very long in ignorance of the check drawn against his balance, if indeed, as Mortimer feared, the bank itself had not communicated with Plank as soon as the check was presented for payment. Therefore Plank must have been placated by Leila; how, Mortimer was satisfied not to know.

"Some of these days," he said to himself, "I'll catch her tripping, and then there'll be a decent division of property, or—there'll be a divorce." But, as usual, Mortimer found such practices more attractive in theory than in execution, and he was really quite contented to go on as things were going if somebody would see that he had some money occasionally.

One of these occasions when he needed it was approaching. He had made a "killing" at Desmond's, and had used the money to stop up the more threatening gaps in the tottering financial fabric known as his "personal accounts." The fabric would hold for a while, but meantime he needed money to go on with. And Leila evidently had none. He tried everybody except Plank. He had scarcely the impudence to go to Plank just yet; but when, completing the vicious circle, he found his borrowing capacity exhausted, and himself once more face to face with the only hope, Plank, he sat down to consider seriously the possibility of the matter.

Of course Plank owed him more than he could ever pay—the ungrateful parvenu!—but what Plank had thought of that check transaction he had never been able to discover.

Somehow or other he must put Plank under fresh obligations; and that might have been possible had not Leila invaded the ground, leaving nothing, now that Plank was secure in club life.

Of course the first thing that presented itself to Mortimer's consideration was the engineering of Plank's matrimonial ambitions. Clearly the man had not changed. He was always at Sylvia's heels; he was seen with her in public; he went to the Belwether house a great deal. No possible doubt but that he was as infatuated as ever. And Quarrier was going to marry her next November—that is, if he, Mortimer, chose to keep silent about a certain midnight episode at Shotover.

It was his inclination, except in theory, to keep silent, partly because of his native inertia and unwillingness to go to the physical and intellectual exertion of being a rascal, partly because he didn't want to be a rascal of that sort.

Like a man with premonitions of toothache, who walks down to the dentist's just to see what the number of the house looks like, and then walks around the block to think it over, so Mortimer, suffering from lack of money, walked round and round the central idea, unable to bring himself to the point.

Several times he called up Quarrier on the 'phone and made appointments to lunch with him; but these meetings never resulted in anything except luncheons which Mortimer paid for, and matters were becoming desperate.

So one day, after having lunched too freely, he sat down and wrote Plank the following note:

My Dear Beverly:

You will remember that I once promised you my aid in securing what, to you, is the dearest object of your existence. I have thought, I have pondered, I have given the matter deep and, I may add without irreverence, prayerful consideration, knowing that the life's happiness of my closest friend depended on my judgment and wisdom and intelligence to secure for him the opportunity to crown his life's work by the acquisition of the brightest jewel in the diadem of old Manhattan.

"By George! that's wickedly good, though!" chuckled Mortimer, refreshing himself with his old standby, an apple, quartered, and soaked in very old port. So he sopped his apple and swallowed it, and picked up his pen again, chary of overdoing it.

All I say to you is, be ready! The time is close at hand when you may boldly make your avowal. But be ready! All depends upon the psychological moment. An instant too soon, an instant too late, and you are lost. And *she* is lost forever. Remember! Be faithful; trust in me, and wait. And the *instant* I say, "Speak!" pour out your soul, my dear friend, and be certain you are not pouring it out in vain. L. M.

Writing about "pouring out" made him thirsty, so he fortified himself several times, and then, sealing the letter, went out to a letter-box and stood looking at it.

"If I mail it I'm in for it," he muttered. After a while he put the letter in his pocket and walked on.

"It really doesn't commit me to anything," he reflected at last, halting before another letter-box. And as he stood there, hesitating, he glanced up and saw Quarrier entering the Lenox Club. The next moment he flung up the metal box lid, dropped in his letter, and followed Quarrier into the club

Then events tumbled forward almost without a push from him. Quarrier was alone in a window corner, drinking vichy and milk and glancing over the afternoon papers. He saw Mortimer, and invited him to join him; and Mortimer, being thirsty, took champagne.

"I've been trying a new coach," said Quarrier, in his colorless and rather agreeable voice; and he went on leisurely explaining the points of the new mail-coach which had been built in Paris after plans of his own, while Mortimer gulped glass after glass of chilled wine, which seemed only to make him thirstier. Meantime he listened, really interested, except that his fleshy head was too full of alcohol and his own project to contain the additional statistics concerning coaching. Besides, Quarrier, who had never been over-cordial to him, was more so now—enough for Mortimer to venture on a few tentative suggestions of a financial nature; and though, as usual, Quarrier was not responsive, he did not, as usual, get up and go away.

A vague hope stirred Mortimer that it might not be beyond his persuasive tongue to make this chilly, reticent young man into a friend some day—a helpful friend. For Mortimer all his life had trusted to his tongue; and though poorly enough repaid, the few lingual victories remained in his memory, along with an inexhaustible vanity and hope; while his countless defeats and the many occasions on which his tongue had played him false were all forgotten. Besides, he had been drinking more heavily all day than was his custom.

So Quarrier talked, sparingly, about his new coach, about Billy Fleetwood's renowned string of hunters, about Ashley Spencer's new stable and his chances at Saratoga with Roy-a-neh, for which he had paid a fabulous sum—the sum and the story probably equally fabulous.

Mortimer's head was swimming with ideas; he was also talking a great deal, much more than he had intended; he was saying things he had not exactly intended to say, either, in just that way. He realized it, but he went on, unable to stop his own tongue, the noise of which intoxicated him.

Once or twice he thought Quarrier looked at him rather strangely; but he would show Quarrier that he was nobody's fool; he'd show Quarrier that he was a friend, a good, staunch friend; and that Quarrier had long, long undervalued him. Waves of sentiment spread through and through him; his affection for Quarrier dampened his eyes; and still he blabbed on and on, gazing with brimming eyes upon Quarrier, who sat back, silent and attentive, as Mortimer circled and blundered nearer and nearer to the crucial point of his destination.

Midway in one of his linguistic ellipses Quarrier leaned forward and caught his arm in a grip of steel. Another man had entered the room. Mortimer, made partly conscious by the pain of Quarrier's viselike grip, was sober enough to recognize the impropriety of his continuing aloud the veiled story he had been constructing with what he supposed to be a cunning as matchless as it was impenetrable.

Later he found himself upstairs in a private cardroom, facing Quarrier across a table, and still talking and quenching his increasing thirst. He knew now what he was telling Quarrier; he was unveiling the parable; he was stripping metaphor from a carefully precise story. He used Siward's name presently; presently he used Sylvia's name. A moment later—or was it an hour?—Quarrier stopped him, coldly, without a trace of passion, demanding corroborative detail. And Mortimer gave it, wagging his head and one fat forefinger as emphasis.

"You *saw* that?" repeated Quarrier, deadly white of a sudden.

"Yes; an' I——"

"At three in the morning?"

"Yes; an' I want——"

"You saw him enter her room?"

"Yes; an' I wan'ter say thish to you, because I'm your fr'en'. Don' wan' anny fr'en's mine get fooled on women! See? Thash how I feel. See! Women, lovely women! See? Respec' sect! Gimme y'han', buzzer—er—brother Quar'er! You're m'fr'en'; I'm your fr'en'. I know how it is. Gotter wife m'own. Stingy! Takes money outter m' pockets. Ruin me! . . . Say, old boy, what about dividend due 'morrow on Orange County Eclectic—mean Erlextic—no!—mean 'Letric! . Wasser masser tongue?"

Opening his fond and foggy eyes, and finding himself alone in the cardroom, he began to cry.

In the mean time, however, he was due to dine at the Belwether house; and when eight o'clock approached, and he had not returned to dress, Leila called up Sylvia Landis on the telephone:

"My dear, Leroy hasn't returned, and I suppose he's forgotten about the bridge. I can bring Mr. Plank, if you like."

"Very well," said Sylvia, adding: "If Mr. Plank is there, may I speak to him a moment?"

So Leila rose, setting the receiver on the desk, and Plank came in from the library and settled himself heavily in the chair.

"Did you wish to speak to me, Miss Landis?"

"Is that you, Mr. Plank? Yes; will you dine with us at eight? Bridge afterward, if you don't mind."

"Thank you."

"And, Mr. Plank, you had a note from me this morning?"

"Yes."

"Please disregard it."

"If you wish."

"I do. It is not worth while." And, as Plank made no comment, "I have no further interest in the matter. Do you understand?"

"No," said Plank doggedly.

"I have nothing more to say. I am sorry. We dine at eight," concluded Sylvia hurriedly.

Plank hung up the receiver and sat eying it for a while in silence. Then his jaw began to harden and his under lip protruded, and he folded his great hands, resting them in front of him on the edge of the desk, brooding there, with eyes narrowing like a sleepy giant at prayer.

When Leila entered, in her evening wraps, she found him there, so immersed in reverie that he failed to hear her; and she stood a moment at the doorway, smiling to herself, thinking how pleasant it was to come down ready for the evening and find him there, as though he belonged where he sat, and was part of the familiar environment.

Recently she had grown younger in a smooth-skinned, full-lipped way—so much younger that it was spoken of. Something girlish in figure, in spontaneity, in the hesitation of her smile, in the lack of that hard, brilliant confidence which once characterized her, had developed; as though she were beginning her *début* again, reverting to a softness and charm prematurely checked. Truly, her youth's discolored blossom, forced by the pale phantom of false spring, was refolding to a bud once more; and the harsher tints of the inclement years were fading.

"Beverly," she said, "I am ready."

Plank stood up, dazed from his reverie, and walked toward her. His white tie had become disarranged; she raised her hands, halting him, and pulled it into shape for him, consciously innocent of the intimacy.

"Thank you," he said. "Do you know how pretty you are this evening?"

"Yes; I was very happy at my mirror. Do you know, the withered years seem to be dropping from me like leaves from an autumn sapling? And I feel young enough to say so poetically. . . . Did Sylvia try to flirt with you over the wire?"

"Yes, as usual," he said dryly, descending the stairs beside her.

"And really you don't love her any more?" she queried.

"Scarcely." His voice was low and rather disagreeable, and she looked up.

"I wish I knew what you and Sylvia find to talk about so frequently, if you're not in love."

But he made no answer; and they drove away to the Belwether house, a rather wide, old-style mansion of brownstone, with a stoop dividing its ugly façade, and a series of unnecessary glass doors blockading the vestibule.

There were half a dozen people there lounging informally between the living-room on the second floor and Sylvia's apartments in the rear—the residue from a luncheon and bridge party given that afternoon by Sylvia to a score or so of card-mad women. A few of these she had asked to remain for an informal dinner, and a desperate game later—the sort of people she knew well enough to lose to heavily or win from without remorse—Grace Ferrall, Marion Page, Agatha Caithness. Trusting to the telephone that morning, she had secured the Mortimers and Quarrier, failing three men; and now the party, with Plank as Mortimer's substitute, was complete—all thorough gamesters—sex mattering nothing in the preparation for such a seance.

In Sylvia's boudoir Grace Ferrall and Agatha Caithness sat before the fire; Sylvia, at the mirror of her dresser, was correcting the pallor incident to the unbroken dissipation of a brilliant season; Marion wandered between

Sylvia's quarters and the library, where Quarrier and Major Belwether were sitting in low-voiced confab.

Leila, greeted gayly from the boudoir, went in. Plank entered the library, was mauled effusively by the Major, returned Quarrier's firm handshake, and sat down with an inquiring smile.

"Oh, yes, we're out for blood to-night," tittered Major Belwether, grasping Quarrier's arm humorously and shaking it to emphasize his words—a habit that Quarrier thoroughly disliked. "Sylvia had a lot of women here playing for the season score, so I suggested she keep the pick of them for dinner, and call in a few choice ones to make a night of it."

"It's agreeable to me," said Plank, still looking at Quarrier with the same inquiring expression, which that gentleman presently chose to understand.

"I haven't had a chance to look into that matter," he said carelessly. "Some day, when you have time to go over it——"

"I have time now," said Plank; "there's nothing to go over; there's no reason for any secrecy. All I wrote you was that I proposed to control the stock of Amalgamated Electric and that I wished your advice in the matter."

"I could not give you any advice offhand on such an extraordinary suggestion," returned Quarrier coldly. "If you know where the stock is, you'll understand."

"Do you mean what it is quoted at, or who owns it?" interrupted Plank.

"Who owns it. Everybody knows where it has dropped to, I suppose. Most people know, too, where it is held."

"Yes; I do."

"And who is manipulating it," added Quarrier indifferently.

"Do you mean Harrington's people?"

"I don't mean anybody in particular, Mr. Plank."

"Oh!" said Plank staring. "I was sure you couldn't have meant Harrington, because there are other theories floating about that mysterious pool, one of which I've proved."

Quarrier looked at him out of his velvety-lidded eyes:

"What have you proved?"

"I'll tell you, if you'll appoint an interview."

"I'll come, too," began Belwether, who had been listening, loose-mouthed and intent; "we're all in it—Howard, Kemp Fernall, and I——"

"And Stephen Siward," observed Plank, so quietly that Quarrier never even raised his eyes to read the stolid face opposite.

Presently he said: "Do you know anybody who can deliver you any considerable block of Amalgamated Electric at the market figures?"

"I could deliver you several blocks, if you care to bid," said Plank bluntly.

Belwether grew red, then pale. Quarrier stiffened in his chair, but his eyes were only skeptical. Plank's under lip had begun to protrude again; he swung his massive head, looking from Belwether back to Quarrier:

"Pool or no pool," he continued, "you Amalgamated people will want to see the stock climb back into the branches from which somebody shook it out; and I propose to put it there. That is all I had meant to say to you, Mr. Quarrier. I'm not averse to saying it here to you, and I do. There's no secrecy about it. Figure out for yourself how much stock I control, and who let it go. Settle your family questions and put your house in order; then invite me to call, and I'll do it. And I have an idea that we are going to stand on our own legs again, and recover our self-respect and our fighting capacity; and I rather think we'll stop this hold-up business, and that our Inter-County friend will let go the sand-bag and pocket the jimmy, and talk business across the line-fence."

Quarrier's characteristic pallor was no index to his feelings, nor was his icy reticence.

When anybody gave Quarrier a letter to read he took a long time reading it; but if he was slow he was also minute, he went over every word again and again, studying, absorbing each letter, each period, the conformation of every word. And when he ended he had in his brain a photograph of the letter which he would never forget.

And now, slowly, minutely, methodically, he was going over and over Plank's words, and his manner of saying them and their surface import, and the hidden one, if any.

If Plank had spoken the truth—and there was no reason to doubt it—Plank had quietly acquired a controlling interest in Amalgamated Electric. That meant treachery in somebody. Who? Probably Siward, perhaps Belwether. He would not look at the latter just yet; not for a minute or two. There was time enough to see through that withered, pink-and-white old fraud. But why had Plank done this? And why did Plank suspect him of any desire to wreck his own property? He did suspect him, that was certain.

After a silence, he spoke quietly and without emotion:

"Everybody concerned will be glad to see Amalgamated Electric declaring dividends. This is a shock to *us*"—he glanced impassively at the major—"but a pleasant shock. I think it well to arrange a meeting as soon as possible."

"To-morrow," said Plank, with a manner of closing discussion. And in his brusque ending of the matter Quarrier detected the ringing undertone of an authority he never would endure; and though his pale, composed features betrayed not the subtlest shade of emotion, he was aware that a new element had come into his life—a new force was growing out of nothing to confront him, an unfamiliar shape loomed vaguely ahead, throwing its huge, distorted shadow across his path. He sensed it with the instinct of kind for kind, not because Plank's millions meant anything to him as a force; not because this lumbering, red-faced meddler had blundered into a family affair where confidence consisted in joining hands lest a pocket be inadvertently picked; not because Plank had knocked at the door, expecting treachery to open, and had found it, but because of the awful simplicity of the man and his methods.

If Plank suspected him, he must also suspect him of complicity in the Inter-County grab; he must suspect him of the ruthless, crushing power that corrupts or annihilates opposition, making a mockery of legislation, a jest of the courts, and an epigram of a people's indignation.

And yet, in the face of all this, careless, fearless, frank to the outer verge of stupidity—which sometimes means the inability to be afraid—this man Plank was casually telling him things which men regard as secrets and as weapons of defense—was actually advising him of his peril, and telling him almost contemptuously to pull up the drawbridge and prepare for siege, instead of rushing the castle and giving it to the sack.

As Quarrier sat there meditating, his long, white fingers caressing his soft, pointed beard, Sylvia came in, greeting the men collectively with a nod, and offering her hand to Plank.

"Dinner is announced," she said; "please go in farm fashion. Wait!" as Plank, following the Major and Quarrier, stood aside for her to pass. "No, you go ahead, Howard; and you"—to the Major.

Left for a moment in the room with Plank, she stood listening to the others descending the stairs; then:

"Have you seen Mr. Siward?"

"Yes," said Plank.

"Oh! Is he well?"

"Not very."

"Is he well enough to read a letter, and to answer one?"

"Oh, yes; he's well enough in that way."

"I supposed so. That is why I said to you, over the wire, not to trouble him with my request."

"You mean that I am *not* to say anything about your offer to buy the hunter?"

"No. If I make up my mind that I want the horse I'll write him—perhaps."

Lingering still, she let one hand fall on the banisters, turning back toward Plank, who was following:

"I understood you to mean that—that Mr. Siward's financial affairs were anything but satisfactory?"—the sweet, trailing, upward inflection making it a question.

"When did I say that?" demanded Plank.

"Once—a month ago."

"I didn't," said Plank bluntly.

"Oh, I had inferred it, then, from something you said, or something you were silent about. Is that it?"

"I don't know."

"Am I quite wrong, then?" she asked, looking him in the eyes.

And Plank, who never lied, found no answer. Considering him for a moment in silence, she turned again and descended the stairs.

(Continued on Page 23)

"I Don't Mean Anybody in Particular, Mr. Plank"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 28, 1906

The Resurrection of New England

NEW ENGLAND has long been famous as the home of dyspepsia and ideals. But for more than a generation the economic movement of the country has left it to one side, with a steadily increasing ebb of prestige and prosperity. There is small likelihood that its old importance in trade or industry will ever return: its soil yields grudgingly; even the cotton-mills, once the pride of the small towns, are fated to move South sooner or later. Ever since the War the best blood of the population has flowed steadily westward to build up the nation.

But there is a pleasant future for these six rocky little States in the northeast corner of our land, if they will but grasp it. They are destined to play the same rôle in the United States that England is fast assuming toward the scattered members of the British Empire—to become the common home, the pleasant recreation-ground, the goal of leisure. Although New England can hardly be called the cradle of our people, it has been the high-chair, so to speak, of our national youth, and as such is filled with affectionate associations. It is natural that its children and grandchildren should come back from their battles with life and settle in its green valleys and along its rocky coast. And New England can do much to attract this new generation of wealth by making good roads, creating forest reserves, stocking its ponds and rivers with fish, preserving game, and reforming its railroad octopus. The wilder parts of the White Mountains and the Green Mountains should be protected from the further depredations of the sawmill by making them into State parks. In that way they will return to the people many times what may be got from them as lumber-fields. In short, New England would do well to look to its natural wealth and become what Nature has meant it to be—the best pleasure-resort of the country.

An Impassable Gulf

THE stock market was demoralized the other day by a cut of a dollar a ton in the price of Southern iron. Naturally, the steel shares were especially weak. The big Steel Trust was formed more than five years ago. It brought under a single management the richest iron mines, the best blast furnaces and steel mills in the North, about one hundred lake steamers and barges for carrying ore and some two thousand miles of railroad tracks. Every step in the process of manufacture from the mine to the finished product was thus owned and operated coördinately by the corporation. It was said that this coördination would lower the cost of manufacture. Perhaps it has—but not to the consumer. More than five years after the organization of the trust a threat that some consumers may get their iron a dollar a ton cheaper is demoralizing.

Coördinating the processes of manufacture was not the only function of the trust. It issued five hundred millions of common stock that was water. This stock was given to the promoters or exchanged for other shares that had been bestowed as bonuses. The voting power in this half billion of water controls the corporation. The shares have been selling around $40 in the hope that dividends soon would be resumed. To resume dividends would entail a charge of $20,000,000 a year, or over two dollars a ton on the corporation's output of finished products. This extensive gulf of water lies between the consumer and lower prices. It also furnishes a powerful motive against increasing wages.

The Steel Trust is strictly typical. Consolidation should, and doubtless does, cheapen production. But as our trusts are built the consumer gets no benefit; labor gets no benefit; the ordinary investor gets no benefit. All the benefit goes to the few gentlemen who, as promoters and underwriters, acquire the huge issues of fiat stock. There are still some innocent persons who regard stock-watering as a harmless pastime, and profess not to be able to see that it is a perfect device for transferring to a few pockets substantially every benefit that has arisen from the industrial consolidations of the last eight years.

The Poor Man's Luxury

OUR dutiable imports in the fiscal year just ended amounted to nearly seven hundred million dollars, and about twenty-five per cent. of them were classed by the Treasury Department as luxuries.

The high tariff, as we know from the mouths of the gentlemen who constructed and maintain it, is a philanthropic device for raising the revenues of government by taxing the luxuries of the rich. But it is the signal misfortune of this benevolent scheme that it will never work out right when you take a pencil and paper and reduce its splendid generalities to arithmetical terms.

Probably the plan was sound in theory, but the rich, who are often lacking in public spirit, defeat its beneficent intentions by refusing to import as much as they ought of the highly-taxed luxuries. The imports of manufactured and partly manufactured articles, other than luxuries, amounted to more than double the imports of luxuries—notwithstanding the fearful discouragement which the tariff erects in the way of such imports in its effort to keep the home market undefiled for our own trusts.

Our exports of manufactures in the fiscal year amounted to six hundred millions, which is not a bad showing in the world's trade for infant industries. When it is recalled that the manufactured articles which we export are but a small per cent. of what we use at home—the gross sales of a single highly-protected "industrial" having, last year, amounted to about five hundred millions—and that the price of what we use at home is decidedly affected by the tariff, it looks as though we were paying a rather tall premium for the privilege of taxing the luxuries of the rich. If a laboring man has to pay seven dollars in order to levy a tax of one dollar on a plutocrat's bottle of wine it would seem to be a luxury which he can hardly afford.

Hurting the Constitution

WE SUPPOSE the Constitution suffered somewhat during the recent session of Congress; and that the strain imposed upon it was exactly in proportion to the public good that resulted. Undoubtedly the President bossed the session. Probably, in some instances, he made both houses accept his will when the will of a majority of members was not in accord with it. This is not Constitutional; and the excellent body of fetish-worshipers of that document will not be comforted because the President's will was the will of the nation and the measures he fought for were desired by the people.

But the careless multitude is interested only in results. It is guided by a simple-minded desire for whatever will plainly benefit it. It actually would rather see the Constitution strained than to be robbed by freight rebates. The strictly Constitutional point of view is too refined for it. This point of view is that we cannot in any way depart from a scheme of government devised in the century before last without thereby inviting the loss of our liberties. The fact that whatever departures happened this year made us more free cuts no figure with the true-blue Constitutionalist.

Originally the sole purpose of the Constitution was to make the public well off; but its latter-day defender would by no means have the public well off except in a strictly Constitutional manner.

Do Our Millionaires Pay?

THE present economic system allows almost complete freedom in the acquisition and accumulation of private wealth, and the world has never seen an era where individual fortunes piled up faster or higher. Latterly there has been some disposition to impose a few restrictions on money-getting, and our rich men have promptly squealed, but it is safe to say that no effective check upon their special instincts will be devised immediately.

Apart from the economic wisdom of the existence of such large personal fortunes as we have in our country, it would be interesting to know whether the present holders of riches are personally adding much to the world's product of character and soul—what they are contributing to society as human beings. By this we do not mean what they give to charities, education and other good works, to keep society running as it is; for it does not necessarily take much character or soul to draw a check for a million dollars for the endowment of a college, and a mean-spirited man may from motives of policy or pride be a munificent giver of ill-gotten gains.

The more vital question is, what are the men themselves, their habits and ideals, their influence upon the small number of human beings whom they touch personally with their lives and the much larger number whom they affect by their example? Every man, woman and child pays each day more or less of a tax to these specially-favored individuals, and they have a certain right to know whether this fine flower of private wealth is worth their sacrifice. The Italian despots of the Renaissance were undoubtedly a heavy burden upon their fellow-men, but as patrons of art and learning, as great reservoirs of civilization in a turbulent time, they paid back to Italy and the world some part of their cost. Are our great despots paying for themselves personally?

It would be a good job for some sociological investigator to make a careful catalogue of all fortunes over the twenty-million mark, and examine their owners under various heads, such as personal habits, manners, sex morality, culture, education, generosity, magnanimity, range of interests, public spirit, and the like.

How would the Rockefeller brothers, the late Marshall Field, John T. Gates, Schwab and young Mr. Hyde—to take a handful of names at random from the brotherhood of the unco rich—show up in such an examination? Would they pass as human beings on whom the world had lavished its treasure, and would their fellow-men cheerfully continue to pay for their expensive culture?

A Cruel Object-Lesson

THE present mayor of Chicago—one of the best-intentioned gentlemen in the world—has been quite unlucky in having a number of important business propositions to deal with where the results of his policy could be chalked up in plain dollars and cents.

Not long ago he dismissed the chief of the fire department and put in a new man. Thereupon the board of underwriters gave notice that it would make a flat advance of ten per cent. in all fire-insurance rates in the city, because the mayor had turned the department over to an untried and inexperienced chief.

This is a heartless test to put any government to. Almost any governmental policy may be explained and defended so long as it does not work out in definite terms of cost to the individual citizen. The people of a given community may have a general sort of notion that they are badly governed; that, for example, boodling aldermen, grafting policemen, inefficient department heads, waste of taxes, unsound fiscal policies and the like are expensive to the public. Yet these things almost never work out to the individual citizen in exact figures. He thinks they cost the city something, but doesn't quite grasp the idea that they cost him personally something. So the relative goodness or badness of the government remains fairly open to campaign argument.

If every governmental error—as in the cruel Chicago case—were reducible to precise terms of cost to each individual householder, and he could say, "See here, you made me pay four dollars and fifteen cents more insurance," the trials of government would be increased to an amazing degree.

Education that Pays

GERMANY on the one hand and the United States on the other are pressing England to the wall industrially. For a generation the motto, "Made in Germany," has been a scourge to the British manufacturer, not to be expelled by bitter insinuations of inferiority in the foreign article. We do not commonly brand our goods, but nevertheless, they are beginning to steal our English cousins' markets. There is a great moral in education in all this, if England were not too stubborn or too stupid to profit by it.

Germany has forged ahead in the industrial race because she has fostered education—the highest kind of education in pure science first, and latterly technical and industrial education. Germany was the first nation in the world to respect knowledge and learning for itself, and this enthusiasm has earned her many jibes and sneers. Her great technical schools, however, out of which have come her present commercial superiority, were the indirect result of her love of pure science.

Next to Germany the United States has developed broadly general and technical education. We have half a dozen of the most famous technological schools of the world, and every year they are gaining in endowment and equipment. The time has long since passed when technology was despised as a branch of higher education. To-day the graduates from the scientific schools take rank with their brothers of the A. B.

Meanwhile England has remained in mediæval darkness so far as technical training is concerned. She supports military colleges and civil-service schools, but has little use for schools of applied science. In England education still remains a privilege to be paid for, especially advanced education, and like other privileges it rests in the hands of the few who can pay for it. That is the aristocratic system, and, for all her representative government, England is aristocratic socially and educationally.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

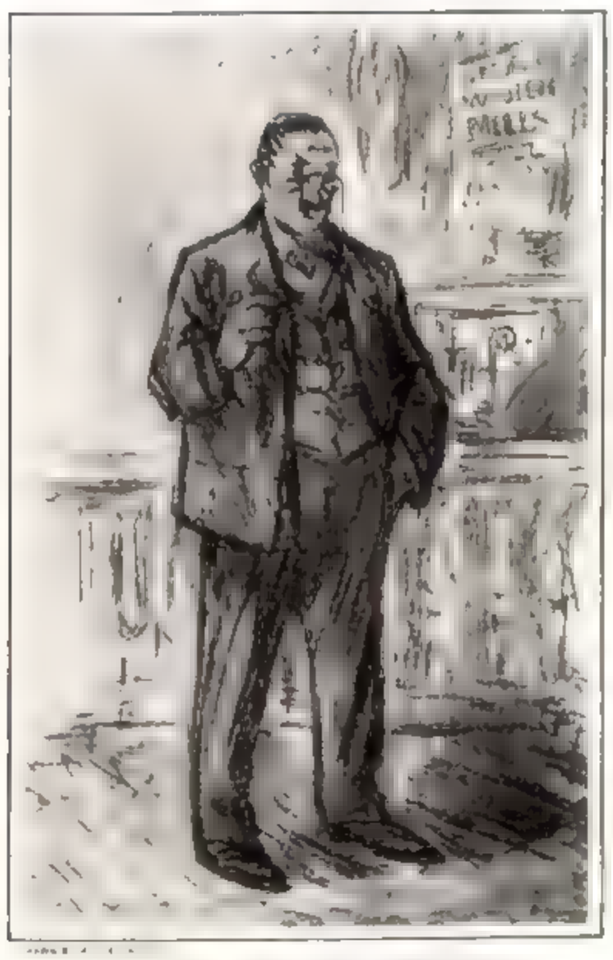
Human Documents in the Case of the New Slavery

By Mrs. John Van Vorst

DETERMINED, as was my declared intention from the beginning, to relate only what I myself saw and heard, I have in writing these accounts kept to the truth in every detail. Yet I doubt whether these simple descriptions have conveyed vividly enough the impression of misery, of hopelessness, of weariness and depletion given by the children who toil, to one who considers them from the human point of view, and not merely as the inconveniences of a "necessary evil."

Aside from the images of suffering and self-abnegation that stand forth in the thoughts after such an excursion as I made through the factories and factory homes in Georgia and Alabama, there are certain general facts which become evident concerning the cotton industry and child labor in the South.

If, at any time—no matter where or in what circumstances—you chanced to throw a handful of coppers into a heterogeneous crowd of human beings, you must have noticed them change from an attitude of sobriety and intelligence to one of brutality and greed. This, on a large scale, is what has happened in the South. For thirty years the money has been pouring for industrial purposes into a country that, for over a generation at least, had been without resources. The factories have preceded the factory-laws: there are still no regulations in Georgia regarding the hours of employment or age of the employed, and until four years ago there were none in Alabama. The children naturally have been the keenest sufferers from such license, and the employers will, of course, fight reform to the bitter end. Just as, among the crowd to whom you flung your pennies, the scrambling and violence continued until the police came and, in the name of the law, dispensed justice, so will abuse in any industrial community be practiced until the authorities intervene to protect the weaker members against their oppressors.



"We are Here, First of All, to Make Money"

So far the intervention of the "police" throughout Georgia and Alabama has been but nominal. In such mill villages as Pell City, Lindale, Alabama City and West Huntsville, where the "corporation" owns the land, the buildings on it, the schools, the church, there the corporation practically makes the only laws applied, and applies them according to its fantasy. The nature, indeed, of this corporation is in nowise different from that of the feudal baron, and were it not for the love of freedom which—because they are Americans—actuates even the most forlorn specimens of the cotton-mill population and causes them, in frequent outbursts of revolt, to be ever on the move, changing one slave-master for another—were it not for this spirit of independence shown on the part of the laborers, the abuses perpetrated in the "corporation" villages would resemble nothing so much as the oppression of the people by the grand seigneurs of the Middle Ages—that same oppression which, weighing too long time and too heavily, brought about at last a vengeance so bloodthirsty and so appalling that the slothful patrons, quaking in prison, dubbed it the Reign of Terror, and history gave it the more dignified appellation of the Great Revolution.

Nothing could be clearer than the statement regarding child labor made to me by one of the mill agents in Alabama.

"If the parents swear falsely about the ages of their children, what are we to do? *We are here, first of all, to make money.*"

And a more humane superintendent, who had been for years in the mills near Huntsville, put the case in this way:

"No one would *want* to have children, but you can't get the big help, and if you won't take the children the parents won't stay, and, when they swear, what are you going to do? There should be compulsory school education. The law now is a dead letter."

The question of child labor is not confined to any one section of the country; it is national, and in the South it is native, one may say, owing to the absence as yet of all foreign element in the laboring population. The growth of the cotton industry throughout the Southern States, its promotion by purely American hands, the scarcity of help, and various other problems concerning it, have more or less in the North been worked out to a solution. What this solution is with regard to the cotton industry, why it is necessary to make laws against child labor, why these laws must be broken, or what the outcome is of keeping them—these are all questions which the North, having already an industrial history, can answer; and it is therefore toward Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts that I shall ask my readers to direct with me their attention, in the hope that, by the power of comparison, some useful facts may be brought forward, first to demonstrate, to those still in doubt, that child labor is contrary to all principles of civilization, and, second, to show those who dread reform that, for preserving the cotton industry as a flourishing source of wealth, there are ways and means more legitimate from every point of view than the making of children of ten and twelve work as many hours in the day as there are years in their short existences.

The town of Biddeford, Maine, is an anomaly such as one meets with frequently among the Northern settlements. Founded long ago by a group of dreaming pioneers it has been since possessed by ambitious manufacturers whose thrifty "plants" have attracted to their service quantities of foreigners.

Thus, side by side with the church-spire and the native New Englander, one finds the towering mill-chimney and the scum of Europe's population. Out of about sixteen to eighteen thousand souls registered as inhabitants of Biddeford, thirteen thousand are foreign-born. The mills, spreading upward from the stream of rushing waters which supplies them power, extending along the river-bank and over into the contiguous village of Saco, form a solid agglomeration of brick buildings beside which the humbler architecture of the Biddeford dwelling houses presents but a meagre appearance.

Having been told at the hotel that no permit to visit the mills was granted without special letters of presentation to the directors, I resorted, toward one o'clock, to the simpler measure of entering the workshops with the hands. Down the streets they poured, running, loitering, flowing along like some molten mass which the magnet animates. French, Italian, Greek—all languages were spoken by these cosmopolitan laborers who, with a diversity of nationalities, had at least in common their determination to work, and their good humor at so easily finding a "job."

It was a Neapolitan girl of about eighteen to whom I first appealed.

Flowing Like Some Molten Mass Which the Magnet Animates

"You know Naples?" was her first question, followed by a smile at my affirmative answer and an understanding: "I like my country best. I go home next Christmas."

She took me in through the formidable gates, and I spent an hour visiting the mills, accompanied for the most part by a foreman or a second man, who seemed to think I had come in as much to seek work as for any other reason.

The pay-rolls of these great plants count over six thousand hands on their lists, and the annual distribution in salaries and expenses mounts up into the millions. Out of this vast force of laborers, ninety per cent. of those in one mill, sixty-five per cent. in another, are foreigners.

"It takes some time," the foreman said to me, as he showed me about, "to get accustomed to the different nationalities. With some you've got to be gentle, or they'll fly up in a rage; with others, unless you're pretty sharp, you won't get any work done at all. In the cardin'-room I've got six men: one Jew, one Greek, one Frenchman, one Italian, one Armenian, one Portuguese, and I can't treat any two of 'em alike!"

Aside from this abundance of foreigners, which suggested problems more complex even than the difficulties described, the thing most striking in these mills, by comparison with the Southern factories, was the great amount of work being done by each hand, and in consequence the relatively deserted look of the rooms.

"How Old are You?" Brought Forth Invariably the Same Classic: "I'm Past Fifteen"

The ten or twelve "sides," or spinning-frames, which, in the South, a flock of four or five tiny children attended to with more or less successful results, here at Biddeford were not infrequently kept in neat, trim order by a single hand, generally a girl of sixteen to twenty, sometimes an older woman. Often, to be sure, the bobbins whirled about on a level with little heads too low to be in the category of legitimate workers, though Maine in her laws is more strict than Alabama, limiting the number of hours which a child may work to ten, placing restrictions on the age at which a child may work, and complementing these labor-laws by compulsory school-laws.

"No child under twelve," says the Maine Code, "shall be employed in any manufacturing or mechanical establishment in the State. (Penalty: a fine of twenty-five dollars, or more, imposed either upon the parent or the employer, as the case demands.)

"No child under fifteen shall be employed in any manufacturing or mechanical establishment, *except during vacation of the public schools* in the city or town where he resides.

"Every child, from its seventh to its fifteenth year, shall attend public school during the time of its session. (Penalty: a fine not exceeding twenty-five dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding thirty days.)"

It would seem that these reasonable demands might suffice to keep the children in school until such an age as is not unsuitable for them to begin earning a livelihood. Unfortunately, however, the law is not everything: there is also the enforcement of it which exercises an important influence in the final outcome; and here in Maine practical results are balked by the fact that any parent or guardian who affirms that his child or charge is "of age"—that is to say, fifteen—is taken at his word, pledged by affidavit. No measures are taken to look up the child's birth certificate, or any other official identification, and no test of illiteracy is applied to determine even so much as whether the future little "hand" can read and write. To be sure, a law was passed in 1892 obliging doctors to register, either at the church or the city hall, the births of all children, and, in another year, this will permit the verification of age among the native children born in Maine; but they are only a small minority of the candidates for employment in the mills.

Elastic Consciences

MOREOVER, the legal engagement of children under fifteen during the summer vacation relaxes the employer's conscience, and, without insisting too much upon the letter of the law, he allows his youngest spinners and doffers to prolong their "vacation" as long as the truant officers conveniently forget to reclaim for school the missing pupils.

Pointing here and there as I walked on through the mills to an obviously undersized employee, I said to the second man:

"Have you no age limit?"

"Well," he answered, "they oughtn't to come in here *before they're twelve*, but if the parents say they're twelve we can't do anythin' about it. I send lots of 'em away. I don't care to have the poor, miserable, little things workin' around. They're so spindlin' and yellow. But we know that, if we send 'em away, somebody else'll give 'em work."

"Is there no inspection?" I asked.

The second man laughed:

"Yes, but that's about like the enforcement of the prohibitory laws."

It was difficult to estimate the number of children illegally employed in these factories; for the question: "How old are you?" brought forth invariably, with a shy, understanding twinkle of the eyes, the same classic:

"I'm past fifteen."

The children, indeed, seemed better acquainted with the law's requirements than did the authorities. At the school I found almost no boys left in the upper primary class.

"They've gone into the mill," said the teacher, "and I have three little girls, just twelve, who are only waiting to finish their sixteen weeks of school before starting to work."

"Sixteen weeks of school?" I repeated.

She showed me a copy of the old code: every child must go sixteen weeks a year to school. The law made in 1905, compelling the children to follow their classes for the entire session, was unknown in the school itself. *The teacher had never heard of it!*

Wishing to get direct the views of a mill-owner in this region, I set out for the mill community, Sanford—a two hours' trolley ride from Portland. It was a Sunday; the little village, situated on a rise of ground above the stream whose waters furnish power for the machines, was cheerful, and the two or three thousand hands who formed its population had given it the air of thrift lamentably absent in the Southern settlements. Yet here, as at Biddeford, a large proportion of the laborers were foreign.

"We have mostly French-Canadian help," the mill-owner explained to me, "because they have such large families. The Americans have so few children."

"Do you find it profitable to use children?" I asked.

"We couldn't get on without them. They do work men and women couldn't do. Their fingers are more nimble and they are more agile. A man couldn't get around as they do."

"Have you many in your mills?"

"My! yes, a lot. The law permits them to work at fourteen if they go sixteen weeks a year to school."

"Well, then," I concluded, "the law is not under very strict enforcement."

"If the law regarding the certificates were enforced," said the mill-owner, "there are times, I know, when this and other factories would have to shut down thirty per cent. of work."

Then, after a moment, he added, alluding then to the purpose of my visit:

"I don't know that the employees would come out and fight, but I believe they wouldn't do much to help along any movement toward enforcing the law."

One Step Forward

YET lax as is the present law, the mere fact of its existence has acted indirectly for the benefit of the children. Just how bad conditions used to be it is hard to tell, but I talked with one workman thirty-three years old, who had been almost a quarter of a century in the mills.

"When I was a child," he said, "we used to start in at five in the mornin', and we didn't lay off till six, and sometimes till ten o'clock at night."

Bowed and broken, he bore the disfiguring marks of hopeless toil; multiple lines traversed his face, scarring the flesh which was wilted with years of slow starvation.

"I can remember well," he went on, "when I was little, a Frenchman used to be a curiosity. To hear any one talk French on the street was like hearing a Hottentot. Now more than half the population is French."

Having noticed this fact in consulting the Lewiston vital statistics, and having at the same time observed that, though the French had increased so enormously in numbers, there had been scarcely any augmentation in the total of inhabitants, I now asked, haunted by the face of this man who appeared like one saved from a plague that might have wiped out a generation of those caught too early in its clutches:

"But where are the Americans?"

He smiled.

"They're not there—that's all you can say about them!"

It was with a patriotic desire to alter conditions that seemed gradually to be extinguishing the old American stock and to be replacing it by foreign elements that several militant clubwomen of Maine set on foot a movement which resulted in the 1905 amendment of the law, and the recent appointment of an inspector who is making no sinecure of his position.

In the last report of the Maine Commissioner of Labor there is practically nothing said about child labor, but I have, from a direct source, statistics as to the proportion of children working in the factories where (so shy are the "little hands" about divulging their age) the "authorities" alone can find out the truth.

The questions which in the South bring forth frank responses from the uninitiated, in Maine are greeted by sidelong glances and giggles which clearly mean:

"We both know I can't tell you the truth!"

One boy, evidently about twelve, whom I asked for his age, took in a long breath, and, as though he were greatly annoyed, let forth a lusty:

"I'm eighteen!"

"Why do you tell me that?" I questioned, smiling.

With an expressive shrug of the shoulders, he answered:

"Well, why did you ask me?"

A few figures were instructive as to the centres where the children were doing earliest service, and, referring to the information given me, I proceeded to Lewiston. Here, out of a total of 2000 hands in one single mill, there were found by the inspector 170 children under age, and among the sixteen cases investigated not one family was met with so destitute as to require this additional assistance brought in by the daily labor of the child at the factory.

Nor was this, among the mills which by their importance make Lewiston a great cotton-manufacturing centre, the only establishment employing "little help."

It was noon when I arrived in this picturesque Northern town. As I walked along the stream-banks where the factory blocks are situated, I mistook for a moment the tall, red-chimneyed buildings for schools, because of the flocks of children that came tumbling pell-mell from them, running, hurrying along, with the peculiar intensity that little people put into play and into work. Again, an hour later, having been courteously permitted to visit the mills, I observed more closely the youngest spinners: some of them were Greek, some Armenian; indeed, so many were the Slav and Eastern representatives that the French and Swedes seemed almost like natives whom one had a hope of hearing speak our own language—though, to be sure, there were older girls who had been ten years at work and who did not know enough English to make themselves understood.

To this question of the invasion by foreigners of the Northern industrial mill towns I have—though it may be a cause of irritation—frequently alluded, because one of the solutions proposed for the Southern cotton-mill problems (such as scarcity of help) is to turn southward the tide of immigration pouring yearly, with increasing force, into America.

Before adopting this palliative, which is desired by some of the most eminent mill-agents, and which seems at present to be the most acceptable expedient, it is well at least to consider the various inconveniences presented by these agglomerations in a single district of foreigners who have come to America for reasons not always the noblest.

At Lewiston (population in 1900, 23,761), with the hope of forming some idea as to what the future working generation might be, I went into the public-school kindergarten during the morning session. The class was composed of twenty-three little pupils, for the most part dark-eyed and of a swarthy complexion.

"I have two Americans," the teacher said, as though even this were something to be thankful for.

"And the rest?" I asked.

"The others are Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Portuguese, French, Russians. When the class opened, they couldn't speak a word of English."

As for the reports which resulted from the first tour made by the present inspector, they also throw some light on the question of the foreigner as a citizen. In a mill at Brunswick, Maine, which employs six hundred hands, all foreigners, there were found about forty children under fourteen years old whose certificates, when they had any, openly noted them as being only twelve or thirteen. In the small mills at Fairfield, at Bridgton, at Backston, where only native "help" is employed, the laws, on the contrary, were being respected.

"The Americans," so say the competent, "are more eager than the foreigner to give their children an education. The American works for his children, the foreigner makes his children work for him." If this has been proved in the North, where educational advantages are generally offered to all, does it not show, among other things, how imperative, as a measure against child labor, is the necessity for ameliorating throughout the South the public-school system?

The question of encouraging or discouraging immigration is, however, too vast to justify us in dwelling upon it longer than to give these few indicative facts. It was to the laborer's point of view about breaking the law that I wanted to direct my attention at Lewiston; so, having set out on a cold, rainy afternoon for the "mill block," I stopped at the first house whose front windows bore the sign "Board and Lodging," and rang at the door until admission was granted me by a very pretty young woman who led me into her bedroom, and there, having installed herself before a table on which was spread out a pack of fortune-telling cards, she asked me what I wanted.

The Laborer's Viewpoint

"I'M LOOKING for rooms," I said. "Have you got anything to rent?"

"Got any children?" she asked, lifting her clear blue eyes a moment from the cards. She was dressed in a loose woolen wrapper. The room was in deplorable disorder, and there were two young babies asleep, one in a crib, and another on the bed which occupied a large part of the floor-space.

"Yes," I answered; "I have four children."

"Oh, Heavens!"

"The two oldest," I continued, as she became again absorbed in her game, shuffling the cards deliberately, "the two oldest are twelve and thirteen. I suppose I can get work for them in the mills?"

"Oh, Heavens, yes!"

Then, after a moment, in which she gave all her attention to the game before her, she added, turning her clear, beautiful profile toward me, and gazing out of the window while she spoke:

"If you've just come here, you can say your children have been in school where you come from. But, if you've been livin' here and take 'em out of school, they may get after you."

Here she lifted her voice and called through the door which stood ajar:

"Say, Mr. O'Neill!"

Mr. O'Neill responded, announcing his approach by the alternate thump on the hall floor of a wooden leg and a walking-stick. When he got as far as the threshold, we could see his scarlet nose, and a pair of blue, bleary eyes under a tuft of black, thick hair. The woman nodded toward me and explained why I had come.

"Think she can get work for her boys 't the mill?"

"Sure, yes," O'Neill responded heartily. "The oldest boy in the spoolin'-room is only just fifteen! They're all under age. You just give your boys' age as fourteen. I've got a boy in there now only twelve years old. I just told 'super' he was fourteen and signed the paper." He took a long pull at his pipe, and then he chuckled: "Don't you worry. They won't bother you!"

ODDITIES & NOVELTIES
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

THE AMERICAN FICTION OF POLISHED RICE—A FOOD FAD THAT IS BOTH COSTLY AND USELESS.

RICE is the greatest food staple in the world, more people living on it than on any other, and yet Americans know so little about it that they are actually throwing away the best part of the grains of rice and are eating only the tasteless, starchy, proteinless remainder.

This American fad for polished rice is the most wasteful and unreasonable of any fashion connected with our food products. To a Japanese or a native of rice-growing, rice-eating China this fashion is impossible to understand, and our Carolina golden polished rice, which we consider the finest in the world, is so tasteless that those Orientals who live on the Pacific Coast import unpolished rice from Japan and China for their use, refusing to eat our fair but tasteless product.

The practice of polishing rice continues in the South because the American rice-buying public is guided entirely by looks in its retail purchases. Rice as sold by the American retailers is a pretty grain, each kernel as smooth and shiny as a glass bead. In this very glassiness lies the deceit, and, were it not for a false fashion, the buyer would no more expect rice to be smooth and polished than he would wheat or rye.

What the Oriental Cook Knows

If the American housewives could learn what the Oriental housewife has known for centuries—that the best rice does not glisten when held up to the light, but has a dull, powdered appearance, as if dusted with flour; and if she could be induced to demand the unpolished rice instead of being deceived by the polished product, then the first step would have been taken toward a rational use in this country of one of the greatest of all foods.

In the United States during the summer months the climate is as truly tropical in character as is that of Ceylon or India, and the diet of the masses should approach in character that found to be by centuries of experience best adapted to the needs of the human system subjected to a tropical climate. Throughout the tropics rice is the great food staple, and no other grain or vegetable known keeps the system in so good condition as does rice in the hot, humid atmosphere of the torrid zone.

Like so many grains, after they are threshed, the rice grain is made up of a starchy central portion, inclosed in a delicate, more nutritious covering. This thin, rich, outer part is highly nutritious and full of oily flavoring matter. It is not useless like the pubescence on a peach or the bloom on a plum, but is a nitrogenous coating full of nourishment. Each rice kernel contains, in common with all seeds, a living germ, and in this germ the richest food matters of the seed are concentrated. Yet because of the American fancy for polished rice, large mills have been erected in the rice-growing South which rub off, by means of leather polishers, this outer layer and, in the process, remove the nutritious germ; a coating of hot paraffin is even given the kernels. For years the "polishings" which contain the germs and rich outer coats were thrown away or sold for eight and ten dollars a ton for cattle food. Recently the price of them has risen, because the dairymen have discovered their food value for milch-cattle and people have found out that they make good cakes, but even now the remarkable condition prevails which forces the handlers of a great staple product to subject it to an unnecessary, expensive process in order to remove from it the most nutritious portions.

Throwing Food Away

Official chemical analyses of polished and unpolished rices show that the unpolished grain has over eleven per cent. more of proteids and sixty-five per cent. more oily matters than the polished. The only excuse offered by the millions in defense of the polishing is a poor one. The grain weevils, it is claimed, are not so much attracted by the polished, tasteless rice as by the richer, unpolished grain. In the Orient,

On the Left—Polished Kernels, as Shiny as Glass Beads. On the Right—Unpolished Kernels, as if Powdered with Fine Flour

however, where weevils are greater pests than they are here, methods of keeping rices without polishing them are used, and old rice commands a premium because of its superior flavor.

This fancy in America for polished rice is one of the principal factors in a most unusual situation; one of the greatest food products in the world has become a drug on the markets of a country of eighty million people, because these people look upon it as a delicacy instead of a staple food. They consider it material for puddings only and do not eat it as a vegetable, because when prepared as the unpolished rice is by hundreds of millions of Orientals, the American polished variety is tasteless and scarcely palatable. And this fancy for polished rice has not only restricted the market and prevented rice from taking the place in America which it holds in other countries as a food staple, like wheat and rye, but has caused the rice-grower great losses in another way. In the unnecessary polishing process many kernels are broken between the polishers, as many as forty-eight pounds of a ninety-eight-pound barrel being broken in passing through the machine, and this broken rice brings a low price in the market.

A Money Loss

So serious was this loss from breakage to the Louisiana and Texas rice-planters who were growing a long-kerneled Honduras variety that an Agricultural Explorer of the Government Office of Plant Introduction was sent to Japan in search of a short-kerneled rice which would not break in the polishing. The introduction of ten tons of carefully judged seed rice from the island of Kiushu, Japan, followed by large private importations, has, since 1899, led to the cultivation of a short-grained variety and reduced the breakage to a nominal amount in one-half the great rice-growing area of the South.

The fact remains, however, that the unreasonable fashion for polished rice prevents one of the greatest staples from becoming in America what it otherwise would—a daily vegetable instead of a dessert. A pudding of stewed, sweetened rice, dusted with cinnamon, is about as unappetizing to a fastidious Japanese as a sugar-coated beefsteak filled with raisins would be to an American.

No one who has tasted unpolished steamed rice in Japan or at home would ever return to the tasteless polished grain, and the time must come when American markets will call for a whole rice and not a skimmed-milk article.

—David Fairchild

Agricultural Explorer in Charge of Foreign Explorations, United States Department of Agriculture.

EGGS AT $5 APIECE—THAT'S THE PRICE FOR THE OSTRICH ONES, AND THEN THEY MAY BLOW UP.

THE regular price of ostrich eggs in this country is five dollars apiece; and they are dear at that rate, because, if one tries to hatch them, they are liable to turn out sterile.

Most of the eggs laid by American ostriches are hatched by means of incubators, the breeder being able to persuade the hen bird to yield an extra supply by secretly pillaging the nest. But frequently they fail to produce "chicks," even with the most expert treatment. Not long ago the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, tried to hatch an ostrich egg with the help of a large Brahma hen, the egg being half-buried in a nest of sand in order that it might be covered satisfactorily; but this little scientific experiment did not turn out a success.

When an ostrich egg does not hatch it is blown, the shell being worth something for an ornament. But the operation has to be performed with no little caution, because the egg is liable to explode in the process. If its contents have deteriorated to some extent, so to speak, gases will have developed which are liable to cause the shell to burst as soon as it is weakened in any part, and to throw the fragments with great force in all directions. Men have been quite badly hurt by accidents of the kind.

Though ostrich eggs may be dear at five dollars, it is much better to buy the domestic product than to import them. A South African egg is an exceedingly expensive luxury, inasmuch as it has to pay an export duty of $125. This duty of $125 per egg is imposed to prevent the shipment of ostrich eggs to other parts of the world, South Africa being anxious to keep the profitable business of ostrich-breeding to itself as much as possible.

In South Africa, however, one can buy ostrich eggs comparatively cheap, and there they are even used to some extent for cooking. It is specially fashionable to employ them in the manufacture of Christmas puddings, to which they are supposed to lend a peculiarly delicious flavor.

NOTHING LIKE WOOD—METAL CANNOT REPLACE IT AND GRANITE HAS BEEN FOUND TO BE LESS DURABLE.

EFFORTS to find things to take the place of wood, for structural and other purposes, are much less hopeful at the present time than a few years ago, when inquiry in this direction was being very earnestly pushed. The reason why is simply that such substances, generally-speaking, have not been found satisfactory. Where wood is replaced by metal or other substances in the construction of modern buildings, the substitution is made in nearly all instances merely as a precaution against fire.

Ties of metal and of concrete, with which the railways have made elaborate experiments, have been found greatly inferior. Lacking the elasticity of wood, such ties are soon broken; and, incidentally, they pound the road to pieces. As for fence-posts, of which railways are great users, only wooden ones seem to be satisfactory, iron posts being soon bent out of shape or devoured by rust.

Recent tests of wood blocks in Boston, Baltimore and Minneapolis have shown that pavements of this material, laid with close joints, are actually more durable than granite or asphalt. Though they cost more, they wear longer. Blocks thus utilized, to render them proof against decay, are first "creosoted"—a process which consists in saturating them with creosote in steel retorts, one hundred feet long and six feet in diameter, into which they are run on trucks. The creosote is then forced into the retorts under pressure.

In the construction of a first-class modern office building little or no wood is employed. The beams are of concrete, the floors are of tile, the lathing is of metal, the wainscoting is of metal or marble, and even the doors and their frames are sometimes of metal, oxidized to render them ornamental. Such a structure is absolutely incombustible. But no sooner is it finished than a thousand people move into it and fill it from top to bottom with kindling in the shape of furniture, so that the contents burn right merrily when once started.

Some office furniture and fixtures, such as file-cases, are now made of steel, painted and enameled to imitate wood. For private carriages and other vehicles no substitute seems to have proved satisfactory. In conclusion, it is a fact worth mentioning that in the putting up of bridges and other great structures nowadays an immense amount of wood is used for "false work," which, having served its temporary purpose, is afterward taken away. Thus a bridge that is to be wholly of steel is at first a network of wooden scaffolding, which is eventually removed.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Late Summer Features

Letters to Unsuccessful Men By A Failure

The Failure who writes them is the editor of a county newspaper who gets a lot of fun out of local politics and his twenty-acre farm. He is living, really living; not struggling to form a trust, to break into the Senate or to gain fame at the expense of his health. Good sound advice and good humor are in these Letters.

The Chase of the Golden Plate By Jacques Futrelle

The Cow-Girl and the Burglar are at the masquerade ball; so are the Czar of Russia and the Mikado—then $40,000 worth of gold plate vanishes. A dozen times you nail the thief, but it's the Human Thinking Machine who gently corrects your false deductions. A five-part detective story full of thrills and —*mirabile dictu!*—full of humor.

Sampson Rock By Edwin Lefèvre

Wall Street—the song of the ticker—the roar of the stock-exchange! A powerful study of 20th Century brigandage. It is our next serial and the best Wall Street novel we have ever read

The Shame of the Colleges By Wallace Irwin

Harvard—the Amalgamated-Gentleman Trust; Yale, where Democrats are made; Princeton, Frenzied but Unashamed. These colleges are burning tainted money at both ends. Quaggles, who came to Harvard from South Dakota and ate his tobacco wholesomely from the plug, will be exposed in next week's issue.

The Wife of Narcissus By Annulet Andrews Ohl

The erotic, neurotic and tommy-rotic twaddle of the gifted ones runs through this extraordinary diary of a young girl married to a near-poet.

The Slim Princess By George Ade

Narrating the adventures of a slender maiden who lived in a land where the standard of beauty was fatness.

Western Stories By Owen Wister

A half-dozen stories of ranch and range, of the region where The Virginian loved and fought.

Building up a Retail Business By Harlow N. Higinbotham

A series of shrewd, practical half-hour talks with plain business men by one of the firm of Marshall Field & Company.

Then there will be stories and special articles by Joel Chandler Harris, Alfred Henry Lewis, F. Hopkinson Smith, Elliott Flower, Ernest Poole, Will Payne, Will Allen White, George Randolph Chester, George Hibbard, Mrs. John Van Vorst, and others.

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Pa.

SHOP TALK

Pender's Deal in Dried Tea

IN OUR business (retail tea and coffee) it is our custom to load up the delivery wagons about twice a week with all the goods the driver expects to sell on a given route. Then, when he has covered that route, he returns his unsold goods.

Pender, who at one time drove a wagon for us, brought in his returns one night after a three days' trip up the valley. One of the men started assorting them and came to one package which he threw on a scale with the remark:

"What's this, Tommy?"

"It's a pound of tea I exchanged. The woman said it was no good, so I gave her another."

It was about the regular size, done up in one of our own bags, but was light weight. Somebody opened it and then we all approved of the woman's good judgment in regard to the quality, for she had used all of the tea, saved and dried all the leaves, and then packed them back into the bag.

Pender did a war-dance, and after relieving his mind of a string of left-handed blessings that would have gladdened the heart of the proverbial mule-driver, he laid the package aside, took it back on his next trip, sold it to the same woman and called the whole deal square. —*C. A. T.*

A Penny Saved

HAVING noticed repeatedly the rapidity with which the writing-fluid in my ink-well evaporated it occurred to me that the loss resultant therefrom by the large corporation employing me could not be insignificant. Consequently, I took it upon myself more thoroughly to investigate and, perhaps, offer a remedy. In a short time I discovered that nearly one ounce of ink evaporated from one well in one week. Later I learned that about three thousand ink-wells containing red and black ink were in use in the several departments. This meant a loss of three thousand ounces in one week, or one hundred and fifty-six thousand ounces in one year. At the price paid for this ink, the valuation of the evaporation amounts to a trifle over twelve hundred dollars per year.

To prevent this startling loss in such a trivial matter it was necessary to purchase three thousand fountain ink-wells, which are proof against evaporation. These cost seven hundred and fifty dollars. Therefore, this calculation of mine, born in an idle moment, saved the corporation four hundred and fifty dollars the first year and about twelve hundred a year thereafter.—*V. S.*

"Big Business"

THE American craze for mere bigness, without due regard to other considerations, is shown by the eagerness of small proprietors to expand constantly and rapidly. The average man assumes, without thinking, that a "big" business must necessarily be a desirable business. This is a great stumbling-block—often a fatal one. A farm of five acres, skillfully tilled by "intensive" methods, may yield far greater returns to a given amount of brains, energy and capital than a hundred acres. Twenty hens may show a profit, where two thousand may bring only sorrow and loss. There is only one thing about any business in which largeness is not to be shunned, and that is in the net profit. Unless profits expand in a proper ratio with the growth of the business expansion is working in the wrong direction.

When I was a young man I started in for myself as a printer. I had two job-presses, and a little electric motor to run them. My only helper was a boy, at four dollars a week. I made a good, comfortable living, and had a nice little clientage, who appreciated prompt, careful work, and were willing to pay for it. In less than a year I added two more job-presses and another boy and an all-round printer. I made more money, and was still within my capital and my ability to oversee everything personally.

Then Satan breathed in my ear the charms of cylinder presses and "big" work. At the end of two years, I had four jobbers and two cylinders crowded with work. I was buying paper by the ton. I had to hire a superintendent; and good superintendents are mighty kittle cattle to find and nail down. I was paying a hundred and fifty dollars a week for wages. I had increased my outfit of type very substantially. All went with a rush. I was working early and late, was worried and hounded; had little time for my family, and none for outside matters. A hundred new expenses had sprung up. I had to take on a more miscellaneous class of customers, and I had often to cut prices.

At last one day, in the temporary absence of Satan, I sat down and figured things up carefully. I found I was doing ten times as much business as at first, was working twice as hard—and not making a cent more profit. I pulled in my horns at once. Ambition is a noble thing. A man should expand as fast and as far as is wise. But let him look well to it that he does not expand faster than three things: his capital, his overseeing ability—and his profits.

—*A. M. C.*

A Large Outlet

A WESTERN clothing manufacturer found himself at the end of last season with 2000 dinner-coats on his hands which would not be salable through the regular trade. Styles had changed in Tuxedos, and these were four inches too short.

"Find an outlet for them," he said to his manager.

Next day an inconspicuous advertisement was inserted in a daily paper, describing the coats and reasons for selling, but giving a blind address. Three replies were received from persons who expressed an interest in such garments, and they were asked to call at the warerooms.

The first inquirer looked the coats over carefully, criticising fit and material, but finally seemed to be satisfied, and took a dozen. When asked why he didn't take more he said that a dozen would last him a long while. He was in the business of renting evening-clothes.

The second inquirer was also critical, but took a hundred after careful inspection, and thought he would need no more to get through the year. He sold black coats to waiters.

The third inquirer came in late and expressed no interest in make, fit, material or any other detail except price.

"What do you want for a hundred?" he asked. When the price was named he offered a lower one for five hundred. This was accepted, and he bid still lower for a thousand, and when that was taken said: "How many of the things have you got left?" The deal was soon closed at another shave in price for the whole lot.

"We're glad to get rid of them," commented the manager while the man drew his check. "You seem to have a large outlet for dinner-coats."

"Well, I have," said the purchaser. "Whenever you get any more like these at this price let me know and I'll take them off your hands if there are five times as many. There's never any stagnation in my demand. I'm an undertaker." —*J. H. C.*

Saving on the Water

THERE is a promising field open in most cities of over fifty thousand population for any one who will investigate the water-rate question and take it up with owners or lessees of large properties, on a basis of a percentage of the saving that can be accomplished by an economical application of the existing water-rate laws.

For instance, most cities charge for the city water furnished at the rate of a certain sum per fixture per annum, but nearly all cities have a fixed schedule for selling water to the private consumer by metered rates, and, in view of the per-capita consumption, these meter-rates are almost invariably much lower than the per-fixture assessment. Now, the assessed rates of any properties are matters of public record and can be obtained by any one from the water assessors of the city. Take a large store, for instance, which may have many fixtures, and for which the per-fixture assessment is correspondingly high: it will be astonishing how much less will be the water bill if the water is measured and paid for by meter. This is true to even a greater extent in dwelling-houses and apartments, and one pointing out to the owner of the property this saving will have little difficulty in arranging a deal by which a part of the saving reverts to him for the information and suggestion.

It will be found in many cases that the city will set the meter free of charge to the consumer, on his simple application for it.

—"*Engineer.*"

"Original, Striking, Effective"

"WELL," said the quick-eyed, prosperous-looking man to his fellow-travelers in the smoking compartment, "individuality is the one important thing in business, as it is in everything else in life. There isn't a thousandth part enough of it in the world. Men are timid about being themselves, and succeed only in being pale, washed-out copies of somebody else. Cultivate the force of your own individuality and you will press into the front ranks of any business.

"Some years ago a big concern advertised for an advertising-manager. It was a fine position, and I wanted it *bad*. Applications must be by letter only; and among other qualifications the applicant 'must be able to do original, striking and effective work.' I cudgeled my brains. Here would be hundreds of letters, many of them from applicants who could write a mighty good letter, too, when such a prize was at stake. How could I attract special attention to *my* letter? Finally I 'took my pen in hand' and produced the following:

"*Gentlemen:*

"I have unquestionable credentials as to my character. Aside from that, what you want to know is whether I can give an individuality to your advertising that will bring results. I will prove to you, right here and now, that I can. I will make this letter of mine stand out like a sore thumb from among all the hundreds that you will receive. Whether you wish it or not, it will rivet your attention, excite your interest. Put me in charge of your advertising, and I will make that, too, stick out above all competitors. That, too, shall rivet attention, excite interest and bring results. My application is 'original, striking, effective.' My work for you shall be the same.

"Respectfully, ——"

"I went to a typewriter and had one hundred copies of this made. And I sent them all in the same mail. Every second or third letter in their mail the next morning was mine. It cost me two dollars in postage—but I got the position; and I have held it ever since." —*A. M. C.*

Getting a Raise

I HAD been dunning my employer for three years for an additional two dollars per week advance in salary, only to be told that, though my services were duly appreciated, profits were too close and cost of doing business too large to justify the granting of my request. I was getting the limit for my position. This didn't satisfy me. I asked my employer if he would furnish me with the total expenditures for supplies for the year in my department, which he did. Then I asked him whether, if I reduced the expenses of that department, he would give me half of what I saved the firm over the expenses of the department for the next year, and he agreed.

We used to buy fifty kegs of nails a year, by utilizing all old and bent nails I reduced this item to twenty kegs per year. I saved all my old twine—which I used to throw away—and I reduced the twine account one-third. By strict economy I saved the firm fifty dollars on wrapping-paper, and by rigid attention to the use of supplies in my department I reduced its expenses over any previous year. My share of the profits was one hundred and twenty-five dollars, a little more than the two dollars per week I had asked for, and which I showed my employer I had fairly earned. —*A. J. B.*

Editor's Note The Saturday Evening Post wants to buy your ideas for Shop Talk Send them in, and what we accept we will pay well for Compress your story into the fewest words possible not over five hundred words at the outside—and address your manuscript to the Department Editor, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.

THE latest New York ideas of style and fabrics are expressed in our Midsummer offering of ready-to-wear Shirt-Waists.

We have chosen our designs from the prettiest we could find. The fabrics include Batistes, Lawns and Nets, handsomely embroidered and trimmed.

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No. 175 J J. $1

Orders Filled Same Day as Received.
If you are not satisfied, you may return the Waist and we will refund your money.

We have other styles ranging in price from $1.00 to $5.00, illustrated in our new Summer Shirt-Waist Supplement—sent free on request

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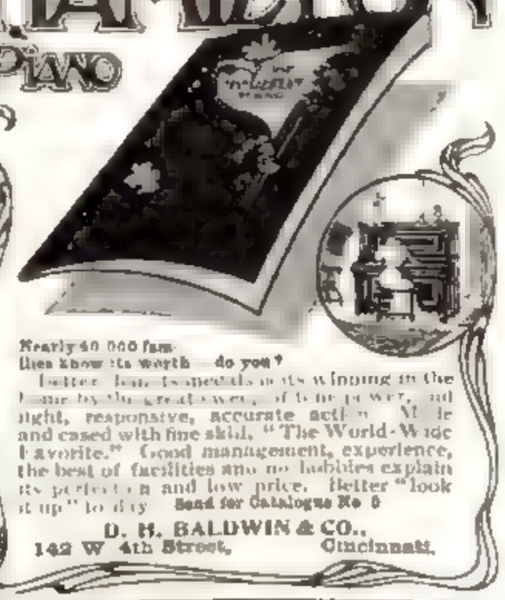

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SENSE & NONSENSE

An Old-Fashioned Girl

Just an old-fashioned girl, of the kind that you knew
When your mother sat up to mend stockings for you
With a ball of red yarn and a bag full of hose
And a goose-eggish thing slipped down in the toes,
Just an old-fashioned girl, of the kind that brings tears
To your eyes when you think of the toil of her years,
And you wonder how ever she laid every curl
On a half-dozen heads—such an old-fashioned girl.

Just an old-fashioned girl, of the age ere the flat,
Or of winters in this place and summers in that.
Of the kind that you knew when you went with bare legs
In the days when you ransacked the manger for eggs
Just an old-fashioned girl in a blue gingham gown
That is leading your fancy some forty years down
On the pathway of years, till the hum and the whirl
Of the day you forget with that old-fashioned girl.

Just an old-fashioned girl of that out-of-date day,
When you knew all the hymns and she found time to play
On the organ in church, and you knelt with her there
And repeated—what was it?—ah, yes!—'twas a prayer.
Such an old-fashioned thing, as you think of it now
With the years writ in wrinkles on temple and brow;
But the years back there gleam with the lustre of pearl—
When you walked hand-in-hand with that old-fashioned girl.

Just an old-fashioned girl of those old-fashioned days,
And she knelt in the night with a prayer that she'd raise
Up a son to be manly and honest and true.
There's a mound where the wild-flowers nodded and grew
Ere the World bade you come, and a love that lies there
With its heart in the dust, but its essence as rare
As the breath of the rose and as pure as the pearl
That shall tinge all your dreams of that old-fashioned girl.

—*J. W. Foley.*

A Late Edition

JULIUS KAHN, Representative from San Francisco, was in Washington when the earthquake came and was nearly frantic, because his wife and children, including a baby n few days old, were directly in the path of the fire.

Kahn spent two days trying to telegraph and then took a train and went out, and finding his family safe, stayed a week or so in the ruined city.

On his return he found a letter from a constituent, written eight days after the shock, which began:

"*Dear Julius:* No doubt you will be surprised to learn from me that we have had a terrible earthquake out here."

Peter Newell, Playwright

THE thousands who delight in Peter Newell's jokes and drawings will be glad to hear that he has turned playwright. His play is a one-act sketch which he wrote for his nephew and produced in the New Jersey town in which they both live—from which it made its entrance upon the vaudeville stage. It is called An Elastic Engagement, and as the author described it lately to an old friend, who happened to be a theatrical reporter, it has the true Newell quality of absurdity.

It tells the story of an impecunious medical student who has fallen in love with his washwoman's comely daughter and is prevented from declaring the ardor of his passion by his poverty. He has invented a hair restorer, however, which, if successful, will make his fortune. He applies it to the skull in his bone chest, the bequest of a red-headed murderer, with the result that it produces a crop of flaming hair. In the moment of success the fair maiden is there with the week's wash and a bill of many weeks. The youth points in triumph to the mop on the skull, promises to pay the bill in full, and declares his ardent passion. The maiden is coy, and stonily rejects his suit. In despair he resolves to hang himself, producing the rope before the girl's eyes, and attaching it to the chandelier. Before she goes, however, she relents to the extent of slyly substituting an elastic cord from an exercising machine. When she is gone, the despairing lover puts his head in the noose and swings from his perch on a chair. Instead of strangling, he dangles freely, and the maiden, rushing in, confesses her love while cutting him down.

When Mr. Newell was asked whether he had written anything before, he spoke of the jokes for his pictures—which certainly have the best qualities of dramatic dialogue, brevity and point. All this happened in a dining-car, and as the playwright concluded he took out a match to light his cigar. The mahogany woodwork, the window-pane and the tableware offered only the most highly-polished surfaces, and the humorist's sole leather was extended some yards beneath the table at the ends of his long legs. After failing in every effort to light the match he waved it before his friend's lips and said: "Won't you make me one of those rough, critical remarks of yours? I want to strike a light."

The Goold Elbow

WANCE upon a toime there was a dear little gerrul named Kathleen that was willin' to do almosht annything for her parents excep' mind them—the quare child!

An' her father an' mother was as poor as it's healthy to be—an' poorer yet. An' they was not on'y poor: they was graspin'—which sometimes results in great riches.

Harrd by the little hut in which they lived was a man who was a fairy by descint. That is, his father an' mother had moved out of fairyland before he was born. But he had manny a fairy gift, an' among them the touch of goold. If he'd shake hands wid a man, he'd turrn his hand to goold—an' so he wore gloves.

Manny's the toime little Kathleen's parents axed her to run afther him an' snatch arf his glove, but the child was that disobedient, she wouldn't do it. An' her parents grew poorer an' more graspin' ivvery day in the week—an' Sunda', too, for the matter of that.

Wan day a wasp come sailin' by when Kathleen was sittin' by the winder doin' her sums, an' it stung her on the elbow. An' her elbow swelled up as larrge as a orange.

Poor Kathleen sat by the winder nurrsin' it, an' the tears playin' a chune on the sill.

An' the fairyman haird the chune as he was walkin' by, an' he sees Kathleen an' th' elbow, an', bein' a kind man, he stops an' says: "Sure, that's too bad," says he. "I'll touch the place an' make it well."

An', never thinkin', he pulls arf his glove an' pats th' elbow. An' that very second it stopped painin' an' turrned yeller, an' Kathleen thanked the kind fairyman an' wint to show her mother the funny color.

Father an' mother was both there, an' whin they laurrned what had happened they cried:

"Have it arf at wance, child! Sure, 'tis solud goold an' wort' a fortune."

But the poor child didn't like the idee of losin' an elbow whin she had on'y two, countin' the both of them, an' she said: "L'ave me keep me big elbow."

Arl night long they stood be her bedside an' told her raisins for havin' th' elbow arf, an' arl night long she acted disobedient.

But whin marrnin' was there, she says to herself: "Sure, I never use me elbow at arl, at arl," so she skips down the street to the surrgeon an' says: "Me elbow is pure goold. What'll ye charrge to cut it arf for the sake of me poor parents?"

"Not a penny," says he, smihn' three toimes to make sure, an' wid that he steps into the nixt room an' turrns on the power, an' the buzz-saw began singin'.

It took not a minute to have th' elbow arf, an' thin the surrgeon stepped into the nixt room again an' kem back wid a jewellery-box which he gev to Kathleen.

"It's inside the box, me dear," says he, "an' I wish ye much j'y."

Home runs the little Kathleen an' tells her parents: "Here's me goold elbow. Sell it an' live in a pallus."

"Ah, she has her good p'ints, afther arl!" said her parents, an' gev her a kiss between them.

But whin they opened the box, sure nothin' was inside but a bit of cotton.

"Ho, ho!" cried her father an' runs arf to the surrgeon's arfice, well knowin' what had happened. But the surrgeon had left the village—an' he never kem back.

Loud cried little Kathleen, an' louder cried her mother, an' her father used the worrst words he'd ever hairrd—an' he had good hearin'. But it didn't bring back the child's goold elbow.

Afther a while the fairyman passed the hut an' he hairrd Kathleen, an' kem in to see what had happened.

"'Twas this way," says her father to the fairyman. "'Arf wid it,' says the surrgeon an' arf wid it he has gone."

"Sure, she's the unsilfish child," says the fairyman. An' he pulls arf his glove an' pats her on the head. An' her head turrned to solud goold.

"Thank you, thank you!" says her father an' mother. "Now we are rich forever. An' we'll not employ a surrgeon."

—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

The Loaded Playwright

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM tells this story about Austin Strong, who is Lloyd Osborne's cousin and joint-author of The Little Father of the Wilderness—the little tragi-comedy which Francis Wilson is using as a curtain-raiser. In view of the fact that the *bête noir* of the actor and the manager is the loaded playwright—the man who insists upon reading his own productions—the anecdote is an eloquent testimonial to the virtue of both parties to it.

Faversham was putting on the finishing touches to his make-up for The Squaw Man when a youth who had somehow made his way past the doorkeeper knocked at his dressing-room, introduced himself, and producing a manuscript, insisted upon reading it. The actor had not seen The Little Father and did not know who wrote it, and he protested that the curtain was due to ring up in five minutes. But Strong insisted upon reading for even that short time, so Faversham had to resign himself to his fate. When the curtain was announced, however, he was deeply interested, and ordered that it be delayed until the end of the first act of the manuscript. Thus the audience was kept waiting ten full minutes. In telling the story Mr. Faversham insists that Mr. Strong is the most promising of the young American playwrights, and declares that he is destined to surpass the older ones.

Perhaps it is wrong to speak of Mr. Strong as only part author of The Little Father. Mr. Osborne is authority for the statement that he and his cousin have an explicit agreement under which each of them is entitled, when there is anything to gain by it, to describe it as wholly his own.

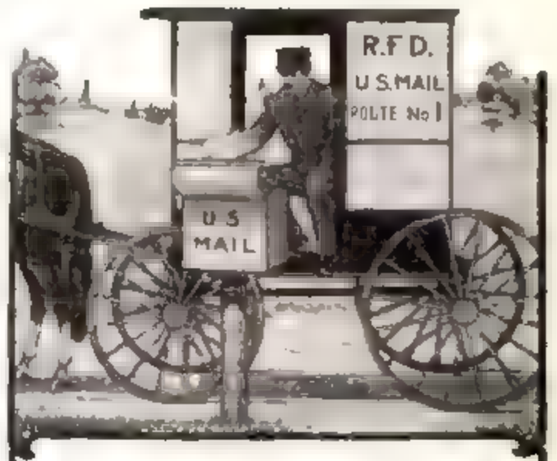
Sling Along

Sling along, sling along, sling along!
De moon done rix,
Dem eyes o' his—
Done sighted you,
Where you stopped to woo
Sling along, sling along!
It ain't no use fu' to try to hide,
De moonbeam al-us at yo's side,
He hang f'om de fence, he drap f'om de limb:
Dey ain't no use bein' skeered o' him—
Sling along, sling along!

Sling along, sling along, sling along!
De brook hit flow,
Fu' to let you know
Dat he saw dat kiss,
An' he know yo' bliss.
Sling along, sling along!
He run by yo' side,
An' he say howdy-do.
He ain't gwine to tell, but his eye 's on you.
You can lay all yo' troubles on de very highest she'f,
Fu' de little old brook's jes' a-talkin' to hisse'f—
Sling along, sling along!

Sling along, sling along, sling along!
De' possum grin,
But he run lak sin;
He know love's sweet,
But he prize his meat—
Sling along, sling along!
He know you'd stop fu' to hunt his hide,
If you los' a kiss and a hug beside,
But de feas' will come and de folks will eat,
When she tek yo' han' at de altah seat—
So sling along, sling along!

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*



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THE FIGHT IN THE CACHE

(Concluded from Page 7)

The three men looked at one another and laughed. Seagrue spoke again:

"The men you want are in Canada by this time. I can't speak for my friends: I don't know whether they want to go or not. As far as I am concerned I haven't killed anybody that I know of. I suppose you'll pay my expenses back here?"

"Why, yes, Seagrue, I would pay your expenses if you were coming back. But you are not coming back. You are riding down Williams Cache for the last time; you've ridden down it too many times already. This round-up is specially for you. You've killed too many white men to ride down it again. Don't deceive yourself: when you ride out of the Cache this time with me you won't come back."

Seagrue laughed, but his eyes were as steady as a cat's. "I'll go with you. I'd rather see your papers, but if you're Whispering Smith it's all right. I'm due to shoot out a game with you at Medicine Bend, anyway."

"Any old time, Seagrue; only don't let your hand wobble next time. It's too close to your gun now to pull right."

"All right; I said I was going to come. I'm coming right now!" With the last word the Cache gang whipped out their revolvers and fired.

Answering once a question of McCloud's, when reproached for taking chances, Smith spoke simply. "I have to take chances," said he. "All I can ask is an even break."

But Farrell Kennedy has said that there never was such a thing as an even break with Whispering Smith. His drawing and firing of a gun amounted to sleight-of-hand, and to a dexterity so fatal he added a judgment that had not failed when confronted by deceit. When Seagrue's gun flashed into the sunshine and before the hammer could fall, Whispering Smith, holding easily the lapel of his coat in his left hand, struck the revolver from the harness over his heart, and, without a visible aim, threw a bullet into Seagrue as a conjurer throws a vanishing coin. As he fired he spurred his horse hard, reining him straight ahead. At the very first exchange of shots Bill Dancing jumped high in his saddle and toppled to the ground, and the cowboys wheeled and fled for their lives.

Most serious of all, Whispering Smith's racehorse, provided by Bill Dancing, attempted to bolt after them. With the fire from three fast revolvers at his back, Smith jerked the beast to his haunches to face him about. The effort was useless; the running lay the other way, and, balked of the race, the obstinate horse jumped straight up in the air. The outlaws made the most of it. Whispering Smith, rising and falling with his beast, made a clearly-defined, but a rapidly-moving, target. Whenever his horse struck the ground he threw his shots as best he could, first over one shoulder and then over the other at the Cache men. But although Seagrue was desperately wounded, the three were riding in to finish the man they most feared and hated, when Whispering Smith dropped his empty revolver to make the only play left to him for life.

The rifle slung at his pommel was a hammerless or muley Savage, and on the rifle hung his last hope of winning out. If it should play free in the scabbard as he reached for it he could make a fall to the ground, releasing the gun as he plunged; if it failed to release he knew he was a dead man.

With his flapping coat already slashed into ribbons by bullets, Whispering Smith ducked like a mud-hen down his horse's neck and threw one leg up behind. At the same instant and with all the precision he could summon, he caught the muley in both hands and dragged it from the scabbard after him. He made a clean fall, landing heavily on his shoulder, and, as he keeled from the saddle, the last thing that rolled over the horse's back, like the flash of a porpoise fin, was the barrel of the rifle, secure in his hands.

Karg, on horseback, was already bending over him, revolver in hand, but the shot was never fired. A thirty-thirty bullet from the ground knocked the gun into the air and tore the knuckles out of Karg's hand. Another, like an axe at a root, caught Seagrue as he spurred in from the right; his cruel fingers stiffened, the revolver dropped, and he clutched his side as his horse wheeled away. The Weazel crouched, put spurs to his horse and fled, and Whispering Smith, hatless and breathless, rose out of the dust alone.

Dancing, where the fight had begun, lay motionless on his face. Karg, shrinking beside his wounded horse, held up the bloody stump of his gun-hand. Seagrue, fifty yards away, and reeling like a drunken man in his saddle, was spurring his horse in an aimless circle. Whispering Smith, running softly to the side of his own trembling animal, threw himself into the saddle, spurred hard, and adjusting his rifle-sights as the beast plunged down the draw, gave chase to the Weazel.

V

WITH his horse in a lather, Whispering Smith rode slowly back fifteen minutes later. The racehorse, if he had disgraced himself in the fight, made good in the dash after the runaway, and young Rebstock rode in front of Smith, empty-handed. The deserted battlefield was alive with men. The cowboys had come back hot for blood, and Smith listened with amiable surprise while they explained that, being unable to tell from Whispering's peculiar tactics just which side he was shooting at, they had thought it best to go for help.

Dancing had revived enough to be helped upon his horse and had started for camp. Just over the brow of the hill, to the left of the battlefield and below a ledge of granite, lay Seagrue. He had fallen from his horse, which was grazing near by, and dragged himself out of the blinding sun. He was lying face downward in the shade of a sage-bush: the trail of it lay drying in the gray dust behind him. Marching Karg and young Rebstock ahead, Whispering Smith approached. A ghastly face turned toward the sound of the footsteps. Smith walked forward and bent over the wounded man.

"Are you suffering much, Seagrue?"

Sinking from the shock and hemorrhage Seagrue gazed blankly at his questioner.

"Tell me where you are hit," said Whispering Smith, kneeling beside him. "Put your hand to it. Is it the stomach? Let me turn you on your side. Does your belt hurt? I can loosen that."

"I know you," muttered Seagrue.

"Then tell me what I can do. I'm afraid you're hit pretty hard. Is there anything you want?"

"Water."

Below the hill, at no great distance, a creek flowed. Smith wanted to go down to it with his two prisoners after the water, but the angry cowboys had come on the scene. Seagrue begged Smith not to leave him to be shot by the K. C. men. In the end they got Seagrue on his horse, Smith and the Weazel supporting him, and Karg led the way down the hill. It was there that Kennedy and his party, riding up to the creek half an hour later, found the group under a cottonwood tree. But Seagrue was quite dead.

"You may call off the round-up, Farrell," said Smith, as they rode up the hill together. "The other men we want, if I guess right, are somewhere on the Frenchman or the Crawling Stone: this is only the first chapter and we may have to fight to get the other two. But if the Weazel has told the truth the money is here in the Cache, and if we can get the rest of the gang we will look for the money afterward."

Robert Dale Owen

The Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

IN YOUR issue of May 26, Rebecca Harding Davis contributes an article, one subdivision of which is headed "The Terrible Owen." Under this heading is a confusion of facts.

There were two Owens: Robert Owen and his son, Robert Dale Owen. Robert Owen died in 1858, and Robert Dale Owen in 1877. If Robert Owen had fallen "into the clutches of a famous medium in Philadelphia," as related by Mrs. Davis, he would then have been over one hundred years old. Robert Dale Owen, on the contrary, investigated the performances of the impostor referred to, discovered the fraud and published it to the world. He and several men whose names are revered in history were for a time deceived, it is true, but for a short time only; and it was Robert Dale Owen who made discovery of the imposture and exposed it publicly in the columns of the New York Tribune.

Robert Owen after the experience in Philadelphia (which occurred more than fifteen years after his death), we are told, "crept out of sight to die." The truth really is that the humanitarian principles for which Robert Owen spent his fortune and the labors of a lifetime were being fought out by him with all the enthusiasm and virility of the reformer when he died; believing to the last day of his life in his plans for the good of men—mistaken perhaps in some, but in others forming what many believe to-day to be the only solution for the great struggle between capital and labor—a *real* coöperation.

Robert Owen never had a "Brotherhood at New Lanark." He tried a community experiment at New Harmony, Indiana, that failed because others would not contribute to it the impersonal and disinterested unselfishness of its founder. What he did at New Lanark was to institute the first coöperative enterprise in the world, where he took the children out of the factory—a cotton mill—educated them at the expense of the business, in the first free school in Great Britain, and paid the largest dividend at the end of the term ever earned to that day by a cotton mill in that country. He is credited with having instituted there the first infant school, the seed of the kindergarten system of to-day.

Robert Owen's opponent in the discussion at Cincinnati was Alexander Campbell, then in middle age and in the flush of his success as a founder of the "Campbellites." The character of the discussion should not be a question to any one caring to learn the facts, as it was published verbatim in book form at the time, and is still obtainable. It is a masterly argument on both sides of the question they came together to discuss.

His fight then, as ever, was not as an "atheist," but a deist. It was against sectarianism and in a spirit that is growing about us everywhere to-day.

Some of the things Robert Dale Owen is accredited with by history are, for instance, establishing the Smithsonian Institution when he was in Congress, the bequest for which had been once rejected by the United States, and this he did against the violent opposition of some of the most notable statesmen of that notable period. He fought through the first law giving women separate property rights in America; this was in the Indiana Constitutional Convention and subsequent legislatures—a law since adopted throughout the United States—involving himself in a most bitter attack principally from several Christian ministers, members of those bodies. During the Confederate War he was made commissioner for the purchase of arms—one of the most important posts under the Government at that time—where he became a warm friend and acknowledged adviser of Abraham Lincoln; the fact that a letter written by him to Lincoln, as well as one to Stanton and one to Seward urging the immediate emancipation of the Southern slaves, hastened the proclamation to that effect several months, as was declared by Lincoln himself, has become a matter of history. "It stirred me like a bugle call," are the words used by Lincoln in discussing the letter with Mr. Stanton. A copy of this letter has been published several times.

Robert Dale Owen also had much to do with establishing the free school system of Indiana, which I believe stands second in the list of efficiency to-day. He was minister to Naples from the United States and served his country with honor in that capacity for more than five years. He made a scrutinizing and exhaustive examination of what is known as spiritualism, extending over a period of more than fifteen years, and wrote two books upon that subject, the latter of which received a most commendatory criticism by some of the foremost men in the United States and in Europe, including no less a person, for instance, than Alfred R. Wallace, whose exalted position in the scientific world is recognized.

Many other things could be accredited to him which would prolong this letter too much. The great trouble with Robert Owen and Robert Dale Owen, and especially with the former, was that they thought ahead of their generation.

Yours respectfully,

ERNEST DALE OWEN.

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President Roosevelt's Newsboy

THIS IS WILLIAM SMITH, the boy who sells THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to President Roosevelt every Thursday. When William started to sell THE POST, he already sold newspapers. One day, after he had received his supply of the out-of-town newspapers, he passed the White House and noticed that some papers which he had had for almost two hours were just being delivered. Next day was THE SATURDAY EVENING POST day. As soon as he had

gotten his package he started for the White House on his bicycle at top speed, and sold as many copies as possible among the attachés. A few days later the President noticed a newspaper which he knew was to contain something in which he was interested. He called for his copy, but was told that it had not yet arrived. Inquiry was made as to where the copy which he had seen came from. He was told that "it was delivered by William Smith, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST boy," it being related how he had been supplying the White House staff ahead of the regular carrier. The President left instructions with his secretary that William be brought to him. He shook hands with him and said that thereafter he wanted him to deliver his copies of the daily papers and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The story of "The President's Newsboy" [illegible] now, in addition to his newspapers, William sells several hundred copies of THE POST each week, principally to members of Congress, the President's household, and department clerks. He recently purchased two building lots with his earnings.

A Blooded Shetland Pony and

$250 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES will be given next month to boys who do good work

There are thousands of boys who like William Smith are selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST all over the country. They do it Friday afternoons and on Saturdays. Some are making $15.00 a week. We want more boys. It costs nothing to start: we send the first week's supply of 10 copies free, together with full instructions and a booklet written by some of the most successful boys. If you write to-day,

YOU CAN START NEXT WEEK

Boy Department, The Curtis Publishing Company
[illegible] Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GASPAR RUIZ

(Continued from Page 5)

forehead. Watching the bar grow crooked, I saw a little blood ooze from under his finger-nails. Then he let go. For a moment he remained all huddled up with a hanging head, looking drowsily into the upturned palms of his mighty hands. Indeed, he seemed to have dozed off. Suddenly he flung himself backward on the sill, and setting the horny soles of his bare feet against the other middle bar he bent that one, too, in the opposite direction from the first.

"Such was his strength, which in this case relieved my painful feelings. And the man seemed to have done nothing. Except for the change of position in order to use his feet, which made us all start by its swiftness, my recollection is that of immobility. But he had bent the bars wide apart. And now he could get out if he liked; but he dropped his legs inward and, looking over his shoulder, beckoned to the soldiers.

"'Hand up the water,' he said. 'I will give them all a drink.'

"He was obeyed. For a moment I expected man and bucket to disappear, overwhelmed by the rush of eagerness; I thought they would pull him down with their teeth. There was a rush, but, holding the bucket on his lap, he repulsed the assault of those wretches by the mere swinging of his feet. They flew backward at every kick, yelling with pain; and the soldiers laughed, gazing at the window.

"They all laughed, holding their sides, except the sergeant, who was gloomy and morose. He was afraid the prisoners would rise and break out, which would have been a bad example. But there was no fear of that, and I stood myself before the window with my drawn sword. When sufficiently tamed by the strength of Gaspar Ruiz, they came up one by one, stretching their necks and presenting their lips to the edge of the bucket which the strong man tilted toward them from his knees with an extraordinary air of charity, gentleness and compassion. That benevolent appearance was, of course, the effect of his care in not spilling the water and of his attitude as he sat on the sill; for, if a man lingered with his lips glued to the rim of the bucket after Gaspar Ruiz had said, 'You have had enough,' there would be no tenderness or mercy in the shove of the foot which would send him groaning and doubled up far into the interior of the prison, where he would knock down two or three others before he fell himself.

"They came up to him again and again; it looked as if they meant to drink the well dry before going to their death; but the soldiers were so amused by Gaspar Ruiz' systematic proceedings that they carried the water up to the window quite cheerfully.

"When the adjutant came out after his siesta there was some trouble over this affair, I can assure you.

"And the worst of it is that the general never came to the castle that day."

The guests of General Santierra expressed their regret that the man of such strength and patience had not been saved.

"He was not saved by my interference," said the general. "They were led to execution half an hour before sunset. Gaspar Ruiz, contrary to the sergeant's apprehensions, gave no trouble. There was no necessity to get a cavalryman with a lasso in order to subdue him as if he were a wild bull of the campo. I believe he marched out with his arms free among the others who were bound. I did not see. I was not there. I had been put under arrest for interfering with the prisoners' guard.

"About dusk, sitting dismally in my quarters, I heard three volleys fired and thought I would never hear of Gaspar Ruiz again. He fell with the others. But we all heard of him, nevertheless, though the sergeant boasted that, as he lay on his face expiring or dead in the heap of the slain, he had slashed his neck with a sword. He had done this, he said, to make sure of ridding the world of a dangerous traitor.

"But I confess to you, *señores*, that I thought of that strong man with a sort of gratitude and with some admiration. He had used his strength honorably. There was then in his soul no fierceness corresponding to the vigor of his body."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A PLUTOCRAT IN HOMESPUN

(Concluded from Page 12)

principle in politics seems to have been to stand pat, or sit tight—which is quite a wide divergence from the Lincoln model. He had, however, a good deal the same antecedents and early experience, and he has consistently preserved a blunt, hearty, early-Western manner.

At Washington and Danville he maintains comfortable establishments and entertains quite liberally. His Danville house, among the best in town, stands on well-kept grounds in the choice residence district. It is a homelike structure, not really pretentious, but ample, of brown-painted brick, with a veranda and tower, and in a style of architecture which, perhaps, was better thought of twenty years ago than it is now. The care bestowed upon the inviting lawn and the pots of pretty flowers on the veranda might surprise a passenger who derived his idea of the Speaker's attitude toward æsthetics from contemporaneous political history—as to his standing pat in regard to lowering import duties on works of art and his general disinclination to spend public money for mere beauty. But a woman's hand rules the home: one of Mr. Cannon's daughters is his devoted housekeeper.

Although entertaining very liberally, the Speaker is essentially unconventional—retaining at home, for example, the early manner of addressing women friends as "Sister," although the term in his case hardly has the ecclesiastical sanction which first gave it currency in the West. Photographs of him in middle life show the flowing beard and smooth-shaven upper lip which were once considered the sign-manual of a clerical calling—particularly, I believe, in the Methodist faith. These symbols of religiosity spread to a rather common habit, among men in public life, in the West; and the Speaker, I am told, has never made pretensions to a formal piety.

Given his time and place, it was inevitable that he should have been called "Joe" and his brother "Bill." Both are still commonly so named in Danville. Possibly the curious-minded may discover therein the sign of a certain failure on the part of the elder brother to impress his home town with a sense of essential greatness. I think I state the case fairly in saying that "Bill" made a deeper impression upon Danville's consciousness than "Joe." This, of course, may have been simply because the younger brother's activities touched the town more intimately than the elder's. At any rate, with its dual interests of business and politics, it was a highly efficient partnership; and it is not at all remarkable that it resulted, on the grosser side, in a very considerable fortune.

There is no ostentation about the fortune, and probably very few persons can pretend to exact knowledge of its dimensions. There are the three banks in which the Cannon interest is supposed to be predominant; the proceeds of the gas, electric light and street railway concern; parcels of Western farm-lands; possibly stocks and bonds. The Speaker's manner of living implies a very comfortable income, and, if anything is deducible from his career, it would seem to be that Mr. Cannon is not the man to burn his candle at both ends. But whatever the exact size of the Speaker's fortune, it was acquired under the eyes of his neighbors, and nobody has challenged his right to it.

THE WARDEN'S STORY

THE old, crooked, white-bearded man had been over forty years subwarden in the fortress, and before him his father had been fifty-three years subwarden in the ancient prison up the river—Schlüselburg. The father had told many tales to his son. And this is one:

"On a January night in 1826 a prisoner was brought into Schlüselburg.

"He was tall and erect, and he kept his cape over his head. We could see only two big imperious eyes. He spoke not a word.

"We were ordered to take him far down to a black old dungeon below the river-level. And that same night, across the door of this dungeon we built a wall of wide stones, and sealed it tight with mortar. We left only a narrow hole in the wall—to pass in food and water.

"Only once each year at Easter, in the morning, we were allowed to call:

"'Greetings, brother! For this is the Day of Christ!'

"And that was the only human sound he heard. The rest of the year was silence and pitch darkness.

"And never did he speak. Only sometimes at Easter he would answer:

"'Greetings—brothers!'

"So fourteen years dragged slowly by.

"Then Alexander the Second came to the throne, and he was a kind and liberal Czar. He came soon to Schlüselberg to examine the records, and many political prisoners were at once set free. When he had examined them all he asked the warden if there were any cases left. And then the warden told him of the unknown prisoner.

"The Czar went down to this dungeon, and we came eagerly behind. He stood in the dark, low passage and called:

"'Prisoner, if you can speak, tell me your name and why you are here.'

"There was a long silence. And then from the blackness came the voice, which now was harsh with age, but still proud:

"'I can tell my name only to Alexander the Second.'

"'I am Alexander the Second. I am the Czar.'

"At this we heard the man spring up in his cell. Again a silence. And at last the voice came out again:

"'Alexander the Second, I must speak to you alone!'

"The Czar was deeply shaken. He ordered that the prisoner he brought up to the chief warden's room. Eagerly we tore out the stone wall.

"We saw an old man standing before us—in rags. His body was crooked and shaking. His massive head was covered with long, coarse, white hair that came to his waist. The big eyes stared—blinded by the light. But the head was thrown back—proudly!

"We led him up to the chief warden's room, and then the Czar made us all go out.

"For a long time the Czar and the prisoner were in the room alone. And when the Czar came out his face was wet with tears!

"We heard him try to make the prisoner go with him to his palace. But the old man refused and said:

"'No, I will go back to my room; I wish for life no more.'

"Again in his cell he never spoke. And three years later he died.

"Then in his cell, by the light of my lantern, I saw the ring on his finger—a large, curious ring of gold. In it were engraven two initials, and these were the initials of the brother of Nicholai!

"When Nicholai had been Czar, in December, 1825, this brother had led the 'Decembrists'—young nobles and army officers—to overthrow Nicholai and make Russia a free republic. The conspiracy had failed and the leaders were hanged or sent to Siberia. The brother of the Czar had been reported dead."

"Was this the same man?"

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THE FIGHTING CHANCE

(Continued from Page 15)

The dinner was one of those thoroughly well-chosen dinners of few courses and faultless service suitable for card-players, who neither care to stuff themselves as a preliminary to a battle royal, nor to dawdle through courses, eliminating for themselves what is not good for them.

"Good people," said Sylvia, when the meal was over, "if you are ready we will go through the ceremony of cutting for partners—unless otherwise you decide. How say you?"

"*I* don't care to enter the scramble for a man," cried Grace. "If it's to choose, I'd as soon choose Marion."

Plank looked at Leila, who laughed.

"All right; choose, then!" said Sylvia. "Howard, you're dying, of course, to play with me, but you're looking very guiltily at Agatha."

The Major asked Leila at once; so Plank fell to Sylvia, pitted against Marion and Grace Ferrall.

Toward midnight, Sylvia, absorbed in her dummy, fancied she heard the electric bell ringing at the front door. Later, having barely made the odd, she was turning to look at the Major, when, beyond him, she saw Leroy Mortimer enter the room, sullen, pasty-skinned, but perfectly sober and well groomed.

"You are a trifle late," observed Sylvia carelessly. Grace Ferrall and Marion ignored him., Plank bade him good-evening in a low voice.

The people at the other table, having completed their rubber, looked around at Mortimer in disagreeable surprise.

"I'll cut in, if you want me. If you don't, say so," observed Mortimer.

It was plain that they did not; so he settled himself in an armchair, with an ugly glance at his wife and an insolent one at Quarrier; and the game went on in silence; Leila and the Major still losing heavily under the sneering gaze of Mortimer.

At last, "Who's carrying you?" he broke out, exasperated; and in the shocked silence Leila, very white, made a movement to rise, but Quarrier laid his long fingers across her arm, pressing her backward.

"You don't know what you're saying," he remarked, looking coldly at Mortimer.

Plank laid down his cards, rose, and walked over to Mortimer:

"May I have a word with you?" he asked bluntly.

"You may. And I'll help myself to a word or two with you," retorted Mortimer, following Plank out of the room, down the stairs to the lighted reception-room, where they wheeled, confronting one another.

"What is the matter?" demanded Plank. "At the club they told me you were asleep in the cardroom. I didn't tell Leila. What is wrong?"

"I'm—I'm dead broke," said Mortimer harshly. "Billy Fleetwood took my paper. Can you help me out? It's due to-morrow."

Plank looked at him gravely, but made no answer.

"Can you?" repeated Mortimer violently. "Haven't I done enough for you? Haven't I done enough for everybody? Is anybody going to show me any consideration? Look at Quarrier's manner to me just now! And this very day I did him a service that all his millions can't repay."

"I'll help you, of course," said Plank, eying him. "Go home now, and sleep. I tell you I'll help you in the morning."

He began to ramble, and even to laugh weakly, passing his puffy, shaking hands across his eyes.

"It's good of you, Beverly; I appreciate it. But I've been good to you. You're all to the good, my boy! Understand? All to the good. I fixed it; I did it for you. You can have your innings now. You can have her when you want her, I tell you."

"What do you mean?" said Plank menacingly.

"Mean! I mean what I told you that day at Black Falls, when we were riding. I told you you had a chance to win out. Now the chance has come—same's I told you. Start in, and by the time you're ready to say 'When?' she'll be there with the bottle!"

"I don't think you are perfectly sane yet," said Plank slowly.

"Let it go at that, then," sniggered Mortimer, struggling to his feet. "Bring Leila back; I'm all in; I'm going home. You'll be around in the morning, won't you?"

"Yes," said Plank. "Have you got a cab?"

Mortimer had one. The glass and iron doors clanged behind him, and Plank, waiting a moment, sighed, raised his head, and, encountering the curious gaze of a servant, trudged off upstairs again.

The game had ended at both tables.

Leila, in her wraps, emerged from Sylvia's apartments, looking at Plank out of serious eyes; and they made their brief adieus and went away in Plank's brougham.

When Agatha's maid arrived, Quarrier also started to take his leave; but Sylvia, seated at a card-table, idly arranging the cards in geometrical designs and fanciful arabesques, looked up at him, saying:

"I wanted to say something to you, Howard."

Agatha passed them, going into Sylvia's room for her wraps; and Quarrier turned to Sylvia.

"Well?" he said, with the slightest hint of impatience.

"Can't you stay a minute?" asked Sylvia, surprised.

"Agatha is going in the motor with me. Is it anything important?"

She considered him without replying. She had never before detected that manner, that hardness in a voice always so even in quality.

"What is it?" he repeated.

She thought a moment, putting aside for the time his manner, which she could not comprehend; then:

"I wanted to ask you a question—a rather ignorant one, perhaps. It's about your Amalgamated Electric Company. May I ask it, Howard?"

After a second's stare, "Certainly," he said.

"It's only this: If the other people—the Inter-County, I mean—are slowly ruining Amalgamated, why don't you stop it?"

Quarrier's eyes narrowed. "Oh! And who have you been discussing the matter with?"

"Mr. Plank," she said simply. "I asked him. He shook his head, and said I'd better ask you. And I do ask you."

For a moment he stood mute; then his lips began to shrink back over his beautiful teeth in one of his rare laughs.

"I'll be very glad to explain it some day," he said; but there was no mirth in his voice or eyes, only the snickering lip wrinkling the pallor.

"Will you not answer now?" she asked.

"No, not now. But I desire you to understand it some day—some day before November. And one or two other matters that it is necessary for you to understand. I want to explain them, Sylvia, in such a manner that you will never be likely to forget them. And I mean to; for they are never out of my mind, and I wish them to be as ineffaceably impressed on yours. . . . Good-night."

He took her limp hand almost briskly, released it, and stepped down the stairs as Agatha entered, cloaked, to say good-night.

The Major, craning his neck in the bay-window, saw Agatha and Quarrier enter the big, yellow motor, and disappear behind the limousine. And it worried him horribly, because he knew perfectly well that Quarrier had lied to him about a jeweled collar precisely like the collar worn by Agatha Caithness; and what to do or what to say to anybody on the subject was, for the first time in his life, utterly beyond his garrulous ability. So, for the first time also in his chattering career, he held his tongue, reassured at moments, at other moments panic-stricken lest this marriage he had engineered should go amiss, and his ambitions be nipped at the very instant of triumphant maturity.

Another matter: he had violated his word, and had been caught at it by his prospective nephew-in-law — broken his pledged word not to sell his Amalgamated Electric holdings, and had done it. Yet, how could Plank dominate, unless another also had done what he had done? And it made him a little more comfortable to know he was sharing the fault with somebody—probably with Siward, whom he now had the luxury of despising for the very thing he himself had done.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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